

aking America
Safe for Sex

"Eat and
now Beautiful"

Good Morning
After

An Index for
Your Memory

The Coronet
Gallery of
Her Photographs

Other Features





CORONET

for
MAY
1940

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MAKING AMERICA SAFE FOR SEX

A TALK, NECESSARILY FRANK, ABOUT DR. PARRAN'S
VITAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST CRIMINAL IGNORANCE



SOMEHOW, you don't expect to see a girl like Joan B. lying on a marble slab in the county morgue waiting for the dissecting knife of the coroner's assistant. Three months ago Joan was sixteen, going on seventeen. She was a junior at Woodrow Wilson high school and pretty—pretty as a little red wagon or the star on a Christmas tree. No one was prouder than Joan's mother. "Joan is innocent as the day she was born," her mother used to say. "She isn't allowed to go out with boys. Might put ideas into her head."

So what? So Joan told her mother one night that she was staying with her girl friend to cram for a history quiz. Then she, her chum and a couple of "awfully cute" Wilson high seniors drove to a swing place on U. S. Highway No. 1. It was very exciting. Joan drank her first highball. She was persuaded to have another drink. On the way back they parked on

a sideroad. Afterwards, Joan felt sick and a little frightened but she didn't tell Ralph, the boy, until the second month. Joan had tried hot baths and jumping off chairs. That didn't work. Neither did the black pills Ralph got her. They were desperate when Ralph heard about a doctor from an older boy who'd been in the same jam. He sold his second-hand car for \$35 and sent Joan to get fixed up.

The operation didn't take more than half an hour. It was very simple—except for what happened to Joan, a blue and puffy Joan, who lies rigid on the slab behind the green curtains in the morgue's backroom. Old Pete, the night man, put her body in the "icebox" when they brought it in last midnight. He got it out early this morning and the coroner's assistant is down for an eight o'clock autopsy. He is thinking to himself what a hell of a dull routine he has at the morgue. Just another young

female stiff on slab No. 2. You could write her ticket without even touching knife to the body. Obviously septicemia. Murder by criminal abortion is what he will write on the certificate. But, perhaps, that isn't the whole story.

Perhaps, murder—by criminal ignorance—would be more fitting. Let's see.

Shall we say that the case of Joan B. is unusual and therefore can be dismissed? How many high school girls make the same mistake? How many have abortions and how many die of septicemia? How many young lives are twisted or broken each year by sex? Unfortunately the bland statisticians who can tell you exactly how many cases of chickenpox were suffered in any given county in the United States in any given year haven't yet gotten around to reducing sex to absolute figures.

But any frank high school principal will recognize Joan's case at a glance. He's handled cases like that and many more with less fatal results—16-year-old brides and 17-year-old husbands, youngsters who quit school and take a job behind the grocery counter to support the baby they thought some crude precaution would prevent. Not to mention the 16-year-

old mothers who couldn't persuade the boys to marry them. One Montana school board found high school wives, divorcees and mothers so disrupting to morals and discipline that it barred them from classes. Adolescent sex problems are almost endless. There are the phobias acquired by girls who think they are dying of hemorrhages at their first climactic experience; boys who resort to stealing basketball equipment from gym lockers to pay for quack treatments to "cure" a perfectly normal physical phenomenon. Or lads who dose themselves with drugstore remedies to cure gonorrhea or syphilis caught from prostitutes (because they thought sex was like a pitching arm—that it had to be exercised or it would waste away).

Educators and social workers have been writing and talking of these problems for years. The frightened, frigid girls whose marriages wind up with incompatibility divorces, the homosexuals spawned by boys' schools and girls' schools and camps, the thousand-and-one problem youngsters of the juvenile courts headed for broken homes, mental collapses, suicides, crime and unhappiness.

This, roughly, was the situation when Dr. Thomas Parran came

along. Dr. Parran is the pragmatic Surgeon General of the United States who, startlingly enough, conceives his office as that of general practitioner-in-chief to Mr. and Mrs. America.

Dr. Parran didn't start out to solve the problem of whether criminal ignorance was responsible for Joan B. and her sex-baffled companions. What he was driving at in his soft-speaking, mildly revolutionary way was to rid America of syphilis. But he hadn't gone far when he realized that beneath the medical conditions that made syphilis possible lay social conditions—in other words, sex.

Dr. Parran recognized that if he could teach America to accept sex honestly — without stuttering or blushes and spelled without capital letters—the syphilis drive would take care of itself. But Dr. Parran is a practical man. He saw that the sex job would take a generation or more. After all, the conditions that made the tragedy of Joan B. possible aren't the work of a moment. Public frankness in sex is still just a veneer.

Your Victorian grandmother draped fantastic lace pantaloons over the knobby legs of her rosewood piano. Up to 1914 playwrights pretended that adults

would be shocked at any more frank indication of the heroine's pregnancy than the knitting of tiny garments. It is only within the past five years that family newspapers admitted such words as syphilis, gonorrhea and rape into the English language.

Still, the movement toward sex sanity had been germinating for some years before Dr. Parran came along. Judge Ben Lindsay tried to do something about it in Denver in the twenties with his companionate marriage experiments. A liberal university here and there had brought in disguised sex counsellors and carefully supervised courses in sex problems and marriage.

But never, until Dr. Parran, had there been a co-ordinated national effort. That is his peculiar and revolutionary contribution. What Dr. Parran did was this. He called in the ablest sex specialists and had them blueprint a practical plan to achieve American sex sanity.

It's a hard-rock, brass tacks, common sense sort of plan. It recognizes that many citizens like Joan B.'s mother advocate the see-no, hear-no, speak-no evil attitude toward sex, that only a handful of parents try to tell children about sex and that even fewer know how.

Maybe you remember the poignant scene in Eugene O'Neill's *Ah! Wilderness* in which Sam tries to tell his son about sex. Sam stutters and mumbles and winds up by not telling his son anything at all. The scene went over big with audiences. It was good for a lot of laughs. O'Neill's play was true to life—how painfully true is indicated by the survey made by the American Council on Education among 13,000 young people in Maryland. The Council discovered that only three out of ten youths received any guidance in sex from their parents or relatives. Match that with the finding of the White House Conference Committee on the Family—a finding which speaks volumes as to why audiences laughed at *Ah! Wilderness*. There is, reported the Committee, “no decent folk vocabulary for the discussion of sex. There are rather formal, scientific terms, unused by most people, and there are obscene terms.” In bread-and-butter language that means U. S. sex taboos keep most persons from talking sex without being either technical or dirty. That explains why Joan B.’s mother and thousands like her fail to equip their girls to cope with sex crises.

If homes can't or won't give sex instruction where will boys and

girls get it? The answer of Dr. Parran is the public school system—not, he hastens to add, that the schools are much better off at present. But he has hopes of improving them.

“The need for sex education, beyond what the average child receives, is generally recognized,” he says. “The schools must assume a major share of the responsibility so long as countless parents turn frantically to outside agencies for aid.”

So Dr. Parran has set out to enlist high schools to make sex training an integrated part of their curriculum. He has made it easy by drafting a pamphlet covering every phase of sex instruction—beginning with advice to old maids and prissy men teachers not to tackle sex if they can't discuss it in faculty meetings without blushing. Not that Dr. Parran wants the schools to relieve parents of all responsibility for sex instruction. Not by a long shot. But the plain unadorned fact is, as Dr. Parran realized, that countless parents have tried to instruct youngsters with only indifferent success.

The high school instruction scheme is a stop gap—to train a new generation of parents. The time to start sex instruction, as pointed out by Dr. Benjamin C.

Gruenberg, special consultant brought in by Dr. Parran to organize the sex campaign, is at the toddling age, not the teen period. As Dr. Gruenberg and his colleagues outline the process, there is nothing complicated about it. They advise letting the baby become perfectly familiar with the human body and the obvious physical differences between his mother and father which he can see in the nude. When the youngster, as all youngsters do, starts asking where babies come from, tell him simply that the baby is born (or hatched) from the mother's body from a seed planted by the father.

As more complex questions are asked, answer them with equal plainness—always bearing in mind not to complicate the story with more details than the youngster can comprehend. Keep the discussion factual. Don't say that "nice little boys" or "good little girls don't ask questions like that." After all, toddlers four or five years old haven't any moral sense. Avoid euphemisms in discussing parts of the body. Make the proper words of sex as familiar to the child as arms, legs, lungs and ears. This vocabulary, the specialists emphasize, should be complete before the youngster goes to school

where he will be exposed to the twisted argot of the playground. At all costs beware of embarrassment. If you can't talk naturally about sex don't tackle the job. Remember that children, especially girls, should know enough about sex so that the revolutionary changes of adolescence do not burst as a shock or surprise. This, however, is only the minimum level of sex education.

Dr. Parran's campaign is based on such sex sanity as that. There is no thought of re-establishing that naïve stereotype of the gaslamp era—the sex hygiene lecture. Instead, biology courses would spend as much, or more, time on the human reproductive system as on the circulatory and nervous systems. Anatomy charts would not offend juvenile intelligence by indicating that men and women had no organs of generation. The familiar cliché would be removed from the flowers and bees—now placed there, as Dr. Gruenberg notes, not to aid the student's understanding but because so many teachers can talk sex easier in terms of pistils and stamen than in terms of ova and spermatozoa.

This may seem like nothing more than horse sense, yet the U.S. Public Health Service study attests that "because biological edu-

cation—in the home or through nature study courses in the lower grades—is so often neglected, vast numbers of students come to high school ignorant and full of misinformation. Their biological vocabulary is inadequate and often unspeakable and unprintable.”

The reforms would be carried right down the line into general science classes, physiology and hygiene courses, into physical education, home economics, social sciences, English literature and composition.

The specialists lay particular stress on physical education. They want to get away from the “physical educator” chosen because he can coach winning football teams. In his place they would put men and women especially trained to tell youngsters what to do when they get into such jams as that of Joan B. and Ralph. Home economics instruction would not stop with baking cakes and designing dresses. It would teach sex hygiene, how to change diapers, to plan pregnancies, to give sex instruc-

tion to children. Economics classes would analyze the gradual breakdown of the double sex standard as the industrial revolution made women wage-earners. History classes would note how Puritan sex standards blossomed into New England transcendentalism and the influence of syphilis on the royal houses of Europe.

This type of training—if Dr. Parran’s campaign succeeds—is the scientist’s answer to the fate of Joan B. It is designed to equip young American girls and boys with the knowledge and the attitudes to enable them to live sane, robust sex lives. If it succeeds, the question of whether Joan B. was murdered by criminal ignorance becomes moot. Why? Because the Joan B. of the future will still be alive. She will still be cramming for history quizzes. She will be pretty as a little red wagon and her mother’s pride. She will go out with boys for fun. And the slab in the morgue’s green-curtained backroom will be empty.

—MICHAEL EVANS

WHEN SPEED COUNTS

THE famous German dramatist Frank Wedekind was casting his play *Awakening of Spring* in Munich. A middle-aged actress applied for a role and Wedekind asked her age. The

lady began to answer, then hesitated. “My dear lady,” said the dramatist, “it is necessary for me to know your real age and don’t delay. Every second makes it worse.”—ALBERT BRANDT

"EAT AND GROW BEAUTIFUL"

THE DIET THEORY THAT HAS TAKEN NEW YORK
BY STORM MUST HAVE SOMETHING BEHIND IT



THE fact that women can be more beautiful if they eat the right foods has been sold to them at last.

When Greta Garbo breakfasts, she has a glass of orange juice, a glass of milk and a piece of hard toast. It may be some consolation to ordinary human beings to learn that Garbo's lunch consists of a raw vegetable salad, vegetable juice, a slice of buttered whole wheat bread and a cup of weak tea. Dinner is her heartiest meal, but even then she eats sparingly. She never eats meat more than twice a week.

The man behind the Garbo diet is the same man who has spread the new raw-vegetable-and-vegetable-juice health food doctrine on a wider scale than anyone else—Dr. Benjamin Hauser, who is a personal friend of the movie actress. Dr. Erno Laszlo also has a hand in the planning of Garbo's menu.

The nutritionists made com-

paratively little headway until recently. They long preached the value of a vitamin and mineral-rich, protein and calcium-rich, diet for better health. No one but the sick, the hypochondriacs and the diet fanatics paid much attention to their "Eat sensibly or else!" threat. But when they recently changed the slogan to "Eat sensibly and become beautiful," millions of women pricked up their ears and changed their diet.

To quote one figure as evidence of this, the vegetable consumption of New York City alone has risen by 24,000 carloads (roughly 750,000,000 pounds, so you'll be more impressed) yearly since 1937. Women young and old, pretty and plain, are striving for the one thing they consider most worth while: beauty. They have given up tantalizing "un-beautifying" dishes, wonderful starchy cakes, and are busy extracting juice from vegetables. It is an interesting coincidence that while food in

America has become better than ever before in the past ten years, women have become grass-eaters.

As soon as the new slogan "Eat Your Way to Beauty" started to catch on, famous dietitians and beauticians began publishing books on the subject. Probably the most authoritative is Dr. Hauser's new book, *Eat and Grow Beautiful*.

Dr. Hauser stresses the importance of fruits and vegetables with their health-producing minerals, warns all women who want to be beautiful against overcooking them, and advises them, just as he advises Garbo, to eat the vegetables raw. He says the notion that chemically correct food must be unpalatable is silly, and proceeds to give recipes to disprove this theory.

For a clear skin, much sulphur is needed, says Dr. Hauser. It is found in radishes, onions, red cabbage and asparagus—if eaten raw. For pink cheeks he advocates iron, and therefore an abundance of watercress, slightly cooked spinach, figs and prunes. For beautiful hair the ladies must make up their minds to eat sea greens, plenty of fish, cod-liver oil, pineapple and fruit and vegetables with the skin on, because the hair-growing and hair-beautifying minerals are lodged directly under the peel.

A lot of calcium is needed for a pretty set of teeth, and this is found in milk, cheese, buttermilk and oranges.

For a woman who wants to reduce and still remain beautiful, Dr. Hauser does not advocate skipping meals, because he is afraid she may make it up doubly at the next meal. Oranges, lemons, grapefruit, salad with lemon juice, vegetable juices, a little broiled meat, celery, carrot sticks, raw cauliflower, are all good reducing foods that still maintain health. To gain weight, women must eat very slowly and chew thoroughly. Water is not permissible in either instance; instead, vegetable juice must be taken, during meals or any other time in the course of the day when one gets hungry or thirsty. Cabbage juice, celery juice, spinach juice, parsley juice, carrot juice, rhubarb, tomato and strawberry juice are all very healthful and palatable.

Vegetable-juice bars have sprung up like mushrooms in New York in the past few months. (Helena Rubinstein's is perhaps the best-known; she gathered her knowledge of raw vegetable and vegetable cocktail diet at the famous dietetic clinic of Professor Bircher-Benner, in Zurich.) Many

women who want to grow beautiful by following the doctor's method do not care to or cannot afford to spend fifty dollars for an electric vegetable-strainer, and it takes too long to extract the juice with an inexpensive manual strainer. Hence, women go to the bars, or else have the juice delivered to their homes. One pint of varied vegetable juices per day, not including Sunday, costs \$11.40 a month.

Of course the vegetable juices alone are not enough to constitute a complete beauty diet. Dr. Laszlo recommends as positive beautifying foods, herring, oysters, eels, kidneys, veal, liver and mutton.

The Hungarian physician, who has spent a lifetime searching for beautifying foods, puts special emphasis on *yoghourt*. He says that the diet of Bulgarian peasants, who live to the ripest age of any people in the world, consists mostly of yoghurt, which is like acidophilus milk, only more solid and much more pleasant and refreshing to eat. Acidophilus milk contains bacteria that kill other injurious bacteria in the colon; this is why the Bulgarians who drink it consistently live long and keep young, says Dr. Laszlo.

Milk taken in any form, the

dietitian adds, is a great aid to beauty. The doctor considers chocolate an effective beautifier, because it creates energy and energy in turn creates beauty. The voice—for a pleasant voice is also one of a woman's attractions—clears and becomes more sonorous if you eat a great deal of honey, he says.

Here are additional little-known beauty recommendations: asparagus is soothing to the nerves. Barley improves the blood stream. Pineapples and pineapple juice are good for all intestinal ailments; they are also useful in a reducing diet. Cottage cheese cleanses the colon and is an important beauty food. Endive is excellent for the liver. Carrots are splendid for the complexion, aiding in the cure of skin diseases. We may check greying hair by eating foods that contain a great deal of vitamin B; foods rich in vitamin B are liver, rice, bran and yeast, as well as a large number of vegetables, providing they are not overcooked.

Every woman is seeking a road that leads to beauty. Recommended diets differ, but evidently the best medical opinion is agreed that any road which takes a detour around the kitchen will never reach its goal. —ILES BRODY

ATLANTIC TRAGEDY OF ERRORS

SWIFTLY THE GREAT NEW LINER DROVE TOWARD
PORT—BUT A PORT NOT CHARTED ON ITS MAPS



IN 1909 the Belfast yards of Harlan and Wolff laid the keel for a vessel designed to be the largest, the most magnificent, and, as claimed by her builders, the safest passenger liner afloat. Three years later she stood out of Southampton Harbor beneath a heckling convoy of gulls, bound on her maiden and final voyage.

Before the sailors had finished singling up her mooring lines, the first of two alarming incidents occurred. Down channel from the White Star piers, the tumultuous passing of the 45,000 ton giant snatched the steamer *New York* from the dock bollards. The lighter vessel was sucked so quickly out into the channel that it nearly collided with the towering stern of the departing liner.

Fire broke out in number-six bunker before she had cleared the Isle of Wight; a fire that defied the efforts of two stokers told off from each watch, straight through to the end when all her fires died.

Only a few passengers witnessed the first incident, and none was told of the second. But to sailors these were dark, portentous things.

By early evening the great ship stood at aloof anchorage while Cherbourg's harbor tenders fed her prodigiously of cargo and passengers. On Thursday, April 11, the rest of her half-million-dollar cargo and her full complement of passengers were taken aboard at Queenstown.

Throughout the night more boilers were lighted, and the thirty-eight-ton screws raised their beat past seventy revolutions a minute. By dawn the close-riveted hull—just a broad jump short of nine hundred feet in length—was surging through the water at twenty-one knots.

More than a maiden voyage, this was one to establish a record. Her builders said she could; her owners said she must. And E. C. Smith, her master, had obediently laid his course for New York over

the shorter, but more hazardous route.

By midnight, Saturday, half the breadth of the Atlantic had passed astern. By midnight only twenty-four of her allotted hours remained. Each of the twenty-two hundred souls on board had, by this time, grown used to the luxurious appointments of their ship. Though none, apparently, had apprehended the pitiful inadequacy of the sixteen lifeboats beneath the davits on the boat deck.

Sunday dawned fine and cloudless, but the light, south-westerly wind that had blown steadily throughout the voyage now carried a frosty sting. Already the blue of the Gulf Stream was beginning to merge with the more sombre waters of the Grand Banks.

A message came into the wireless shack in mid-morning, warning of ice on the steamer track. Second Operator Bride was doing some figuring at the time and couldn't bother to record it. Two hours later another warning was received: "West-bound steamers report bergs, growlers, and field ice 42 degrees N from 49 to 51 degrees W." Bride took this one down.

The captain had just finished lunch and was talking with J. Bruce Ismay, the line's manager,

when a steward handed him the message. He glanced at it and gave it to Ismay, who pocketed it without comment. Around seven o'clock, some six hours later, the message appeared in the chart room. In the meantime, steam from a freshly lighted boiler had goaded the propellers past seventy-five revolutions, and the vessel past twenty-two knots.

It had grown bitter on deck by nine o'clock. The cabin passengers had gone inside, and the steerage quarters had quieted as the last of the 706 immigrants turned in for the night. A group of passengers was chatting pleasantly in the first class saloon: Frank Millet the painter, Jacques Futrelle the French novelist, Benjamin Gugenheim, Mr. and Mrs. Isidor Straus, and the young bride of John Jacob Astor.

Manager Ismay was at one of the tables regaling Colonel Astor and two railway executives with facts about the ship that was carrying them home. With her collision bulkhead, double bottom, and sixteen water-tight compartments, they were told, her plates could be pierced at any point and she would remain afloat.

Nothing was said of her sixteen lifeboats and four flimsy collapsibles, nor of the fact that no sta-

tions had been assigned, no drills held. But then, as the literature had boasted and as Mr. Ismay had so conclusively reaffirmed, what need for lifeboats on a ship whose very bulk rendered her invulnerable; on a ship unsinkable?

On this, the *R.M.S. Titanic*?

Captain Smith retired to his cabin around nine-thirty. No less than six ice warnings had been posted by that time. Second Officer Lightoller on the bridge had estimated that they might move into the danger area within the hour. The sky was brilliant with stars, but with no moon and with no searchlight on board it was impossible to see half the distance required to stop the ship.

A half-hour later First Officer Murdoch took command of the bridge, and Quartermaster Moody relieved the helm. The breeze had gone down with the sun, and by eleven o'clock the North Atlantic was as nearly dead calm as any of the sailors had ever known it. But up in the crow's nest, Lookouts Fleet and Leigh shivered in a twenty-five-mile rush of air created by the speed of the ship.

The decks grew silent below them as lights blinked out in the long rows of port-holes. In the still air the sound of the ship's bell carried clearly up to the lookouts;

six strokes in pairs, and then a final—bong!

Half-past eleven. A few more minutes, and then . . .

The masthead light of a ship appeared far out ahead against a confusing background of stars. Lookout Fleet thought of the binoculars he had asked for in Southampton and had been promised upon their arrival in New York. Suddenly his attention was drawn down to a darker object—close by, and straight ahead.

"Iceberg!" In a frenzy he rang the bridge.

Moody put the helm hard over with the clang of the lookout's bell still reverberating through the darkened bridge. Murdoch threw the engine-room telegraph to "stop," groped for the lever that closed the ship's watertight doors, and as the engineers spun valve wheels to execute the first command, the bell above them ordered "full speed astern."

She answered the helm with tantalizing deliberateness, as the motors aft warped the 100-ton rudder back against the mighty rush of water. The propellers slowed, stopped, and then shook the stern with a tumult of motion.

Murdoch felt her arc ponderously out of the course. A vague, sixty-foot shadow shot past the

rails, and he felt rather than heard the dull, rasping vibration that lasted only a few seconds. The speed fell off to fifteen knots, ten, five—zero. Murdoch set the engine-room telegraph back to the position marked "stop."

It was never moved again.

Only the lighter sleepers were aroused by the shudder that passed over the ship. A poker game was still going in the first-class smoking room, and the chips were scarcely disturbed. Then came the silence with the stopping of the engines. It was like the unfamiliar hush that wakes the sleeper when his bedroom clock stops ticking. State-room doors were opened, stewards questioned.

"I don't know, sir, but nothing serious I imagine."

Fourth Officer Boxhall found fragments of shell ice on the lower deck, but reported no visible damage when he returned to the bridge. But far below the water line, stokers toiled frantically with long ash-hoes to rake the fires from under the boilers before water poured over the grate bars.

In number-six, green water roared through the side of the ship, and in five minutes stood shoulder-deep above the floor plates. Chief Engineer Bell had already ordered the pumps started, but they re-

turned mere spoonfuls for every gallon the ocean gave.

For this was no leaking ship, but one laid hopelessly open to the sea. She had eluded a head-on meeting with the monster, only to be tripped by a foot thrust out below water. This projecting, beetling crag, backed by imponderable tons of adamant, had shorn rivets and loosened her plates like a scaling knife raked down the side of a fish. Water rushed through a three-hundred-foot gash and was creeping up the sides of all but nine of her water-tight bulkheads. This was a mortal wound, and none knew it better than Thomas Andrews, one of her designers, when he reported to the bridge.

Just after midnight the wireless operator on the *Carpathia*, sixty miles away, heard a signal that brought him suddenly alert. "CQD-CQD-CQD-" He was already undressed for bed but had, for some reason, picked up his head-set before turning in.

12:30. The water crept over the bulkhead wall and poured down into number-five boiler room. The wooden bulkheads forward collapsed, releasing tons of water into the seamen's quarters. Boxhall worked feverishly in the chartroom and then sent his first operator the ship's position. The *Carpathia* heard:

"... 41-46 N 50-14 W ..."

Then: "... sinking cannot hear for noise of steam." All was orderly on the boat deck; no melodramatic cries of "Women and children first!" Aside from a slight forward tilt, there was no visible cause for alarm.

12:35. Lifeboats five, seven, and eight have been lowered, filled to less than half their rated capacity.

1:00 a.m. Number-six lifeboat has disappeared into the night; capacity sixty-five, load twenty-five. Number one left soon after—"The Millionaire's Special"—bearing Sir Cosmo and Lady Duff-Gordon and nine others; capacity forty, load eleven. Down in steerage fifty of the immigrants, trapped back of a water-tight door, shrieked with terror as they felt the floor of the passageway tilt slowly forward.

1:30. The stokers in number-four boiler room raked their fires as coal-blackened water sloshed above the floor plates. Aft, the oil-fed boilers for the dynamos kept current for the wireless and the lights. The boats were leaving more heavily loaded.

1:40. An Italian, disguised in a woman's hat and shawl, sneaked into one of the few remaining boats. A group of immigrants rushed another. Murdoch's

pistol cracked, fists flew. By now everybody knew the *Titanic* was doomed.

1:45. Bandmaster Hartley assembled his musicians on the promenade deck and struck up a lively air. Benjamin Guggenheim appeared in evening clothes to announce that he was dressed in his finest and prepared to go down like a gentleman. Major Peuchen of Toronto went to his stateroom for \$300,000 in money and valuables, and returned with three oranges. "The money seemed a mere mockery at the time."

2:00. Cape Race heard "CQD-CQD-," a break, and then the new signal: "SOS-SOS-SOS-". The *Titanic's* fo'c'sle head went under. Water moved aft along B deck. A stoker tried to snatch Operator Phillips' lifejacket and was bashed on the head with a revolver butt. While the band played ragtime.

2:05. The vessel's stern tilted up past sixty degrees. The forward funnel broke at the deck casing and brought welcome oblivion to all beneath it. The bandsmen paused to brace themselves in water ankle deep. People started dropping from the stern and diving over the rails.

2:10. The band started playing again; slower and with measured

beat: "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee . . ." And fifty people, kneeling around Father Byles, took up the refrain. Cape Race heard a faltering "SOS: SOS: SOS - -" then silence.

2:15. A wave engulfed the whole forward half of the *Titanic* as she reared straight up to perpendicular. The lights went out, flashed on again for an instant, and then with a sobbing rush of air through her ventilators, the vessel slipped head down through the two miles of water to her grave.

2:20. The voices of fifteen-hundred persons were blended in "one long, continuous moan" as they began the painful task of dying in ice-water. A thin circle of half-filled lifeboats waited for the sound to subside, and then moved in cautiously to pick up a few hardy swimmers.

3:00. The steamer *Baltic* heard from one of the ships that had been coming hard to the rescue: "No

word received from the *Titanic* in an hour. . . "

5:00. The *Carpathia* had reached the first lifeboat, and was just beginning to get the details of the disaster from the seven-hundred-odd survivors. Among them were Second Officer Lightoller and Second Operator Bride. Both had gone down when the vessel foundered, but had been returned to the surface in a great bubble of air that was expelled from a ventilator.

7:00. Early risers scarcely noticed the one-column headline in the Monday, April 15th issue of the *New York Times*: "Titanic Hits Iceberg?" Then after stating briefly that Montreal had heard of an accident, the remainder of the three-inch item predicted that, weather permitting, the great, new liner would come to port hours ahead of schedule.

As indeed she did.

—THOMAS F. LOUNSBURY

HEAVEN OR BUST

AN admirer of Andrew Jackson once journeyed to the Hermitage in Nashville, Tennessee, to pay his respects at the grave of his old friend. He walked out to the garden and stood with uncovered head and said to Jackson's faithful old colored servant: "Uncle, do you really suppose that

the old General went to heaven when he died?" The old darkey replied: "Well Boss, I can't ezzactly answer as to dat, but I do knows dat ef de old General had ob made up his mind he wanted to go to hebben, all hell couldn't hab stopped him."

—J. MACK WILLIAMS

PORTRAIT OF ALDEN WEEKS

HE AND PHOTOGRAPHY WERE YOUNG TOGETHER.
BUT WEEKS GREW UP A LITTLE MORE RAPIDLY



ALDEN WEEKS, a tall, gaunt, tense, mustached, aristocratic model for Van Dyck, is perhaps the most sincere, skilled, knowing, photographer now practicing his art within the disenchanted world of business. Photography is his whole life. Love and sacrifice for it have kept his cheeks hollow, have racked his bones and hocked his jewels. His stand is like that of the figure who said: "Press me hard enough and I will lie, steal, or hack my grandmother into little bits, but I can't extract a false cube root—I'm a scientist."

At seventeen, Weeks had left school and tried his hand as a photogravure etcher. His father, who during the Civil War had been a surgeon on the *Merrimac*, of the famous *Merrimac-Monitor* disputation, had earmarked him for medicine. Young Weeks took one squint at an amputation and said, "Father, I'd rather be an artist."

At eighteen and a half Weeks

had enough of working. "Father," he said, "I'd like to go back to school."

But Dr. Weeks was made of sterner, more New England stuff. "Young man," he said, "you've made your decision."

Weeks trundled back to his graven images.

It seemed that Dr. Weeks owned James Fenimore Cooper's house and about half of New Jersey. Young Weeks felt as snug as the

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Color Photograph by Alden Weeks

From nowhere this season came the idea of the Ballet Theatre, from all over the world came the greatest choreographers, designers, dancers to form once and for all in New York a great and permanent theatre exclusively devoted to the ballet. Glimpsed on the facing double spread is one of the Ballet Theatre's most popular offerings, *The Judgment of Paris*. The roles of three sportive goddesses are danced by Viola Essen, Agnes de Mille, Lucia Chase. The waiter is Hugh Laing. The convivial young man is Antony Tudor, who is also the choreographer.

Overleaf:

FIGURE STUDY

Photograph by Alden Weeks







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son of the governor of the Bank of England. Photography, he felt, was a hobby horse he could ride in the steeplechase of fancy. If the horse threw him, he could always land softly on the family dough.

It so happens that Dr. Weeks died in the traditional manner of a landed gentleman; and Weeks soon found himself in the hands of the Philistines.

The way out was art. He didn't consider himself a good enough artist to hang his fortune on his crayon; but he felt experienced enough, competent enough, interested enough to paint his fortune with a camera lens. He had been working with cameras on his own, and in the gravure trade; he had sails half hoist and a breath of wind in them.

Further, in photography he had also shaped a philosophy: that photography was the art form of the future . . . that it was going to grow more nerve and connective tissue and sing like a thrush.

He went to see Lejaren à Hiller, who was the only man doing illustration photography at this time—which was the time the first Roosevelt was on the throne. Hiller gave him a job.

Photography was primitive; and its practice crude. Weeks had to learn the field—with all its pas-

tures—by feeling it out barefoot. He had to learn how to handle art forms, chemicals, lights; how to pick up models in Bowery flop houses . . . and the Broadway equivalents, called Theatrical Agencies. He had to learn how to pick up business—and hold it; how to squeeze in his stomach—and hold it.

He illustrated stories for the old *Hampton's*, when Ray Long was editor; for the old *McClure's*, when Charles Hanson Towne was managing editor. In those days, he signed himself F. A. Weeks. Towne looked up at him, one day. "Weeks," he said, "what does the F. stand for?"

"Frank."

"The A?"

"Alden."

"Well," said Towne, "for God's sake sign yourself 'F. Alden Weeks.'"

So, for years, Weeks signed himself "F. Alden"; and for years people confused him with J. Alden Weir—the painter. Whenever he walked down the street, people would say: "Hello, Weir"—and Weeks would spit.

★ ★ ★

In time, Weeks decided to go in for himself. Experience had given him perspective; and perspective a new thesis in his growing phil-

osophy of art. "Photography," he said to himself, "is at this stage too concrete and literal a medium for romantic illustration. Magazine stories can be more effectively visualized with a brush—which leaves imagination footloose."

He decided to concentrate on advertising—which seemed to him the logical and most poetically just place for photography in business.

In this connection, the reader must remember that these were the pre-War days; commercial photography was still on the bottle. Its nurses were glad enough to see it toddle without falling—much less pirouette and do *entrechats six*.

Among other things, Weeks had to keep scouting for models. One of his aspirants was a young fellow named Fred Bickel—afterwards changed to Fredric March. Bickel had said, "Weeks, I'm absolutely up against it; don't you have anything I could do?"

Weeks said, "There is only one thing, but I don't think you'd like it; I need a model for a union suit ad."

Bickel said, "What's wrong with that?" Forthwith, he climbed into a suit of Munsingwear, and thus, unromantically Fredric March made his way into the picture game.

Many other names, destined for 24-sheet posters, passed through Weeks' studio; among them Norma Shearer and Joan Blondell.

Much early posing was done in the nude; and many a time Weeks has gone through his negative files to do a gentleman's job, destroying plates that might sometime be more or less compromising to a national heroine.

As time went on, there were milestones. Weeks did the first ads dramatizing the things which keep a ravishing girl from becoming Madame DuBarry. He showed what halitosis did—an awfully difficult thing to show with a camera. He did the series for that most nefarious of social blackballers, B.O. He believes he took the first shot of a girl in a bathtub—a shot his friends claimed was inspired by the well-known incident involving one of Mr. Earl Carroll's girls, a tub of champagne, and the long, blue arm of Prohibition.

★ ★ ★

Lots of water flowed under everybody's bridges; and Weeks found himself stepping into Steichen's shoes—Director of Photography for one of the country's largest advertising agencies.

All went well until the candid craze swept the world like a plague of locusts. Then every stock



WASH DAY

MAY, 1940



EAST SIDE GENRE



HANDS OF PADEREWSKI

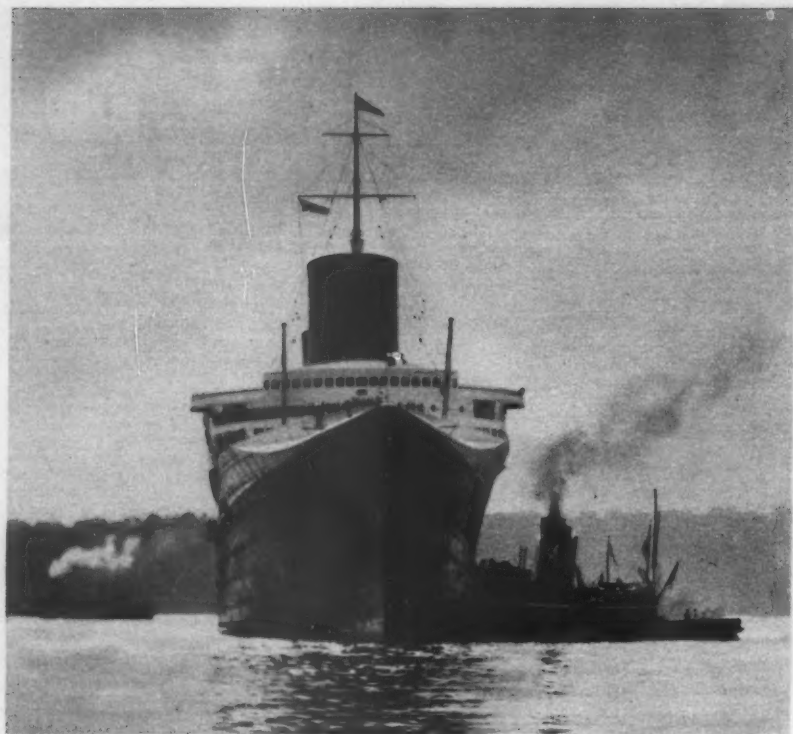
clerk discovered genius in himself and determined to click his way to a place in the sun.

It seems that this particular agency had seven art directors; and each director had an assistant—making a horde of fourteen creative geniuses. Each armed himself with one of these little photographic BB guns. Whenever Weeks lighted his set, posed his models, started to work—in came the parasites. They clicked away

like an army of teletype machines. They climbed on the props, they crawled on the floor; they shot up the girls' legs and down the girls' necks; they barricaded themselves in dugouts and trenches.

The upshot was this: every art director, and every art director's art director determined to take the lens laws into his own two good hands.

Weeks saw an ominous handwriting, in boldface, on the wall.



HARBOR SCENE

This record can skip the details of chronology and the weather reports.

A few years back, Weeks surveyed his career. He checked over the problems he had tackled and mastered, the money he had piled up, the technique he had acquired. Then he said this to himself: "The only reason I am in photography is for what it gives

me . . . in pleasure . . . in intensity . . . in fullness in living. And right now it is becoming a chore . . ."

He decided to plunge straightforward into color—not so much for color's own sake as for what it would inject into the pallor that had come over his professional life. But with that curious integrity felt only by the pure in heart, he was not willing to face the world



ODALISQUE

or himself with worthless coin.

He put all his worldly goods on the auction block, and took a two-year leave of absence from all that which has been his life.

Month by month he meditated in his mountains. Each week he set himself new ordeals, and made new sacrifices to make the ordeals come to some purpose. He was like that character in one of Lord

Dunsany's stories who, high in the Himalayas, churned a prayer wheel for two years to keep an odd red rat from coming back to torment him.

The ordeal is over; Weeks is back among the living—a consummate craftsman in every phase of his art, and an uncompromising artist in every phase of his craft.

—ROBERT W. MARKS

FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES

There is a file labeled "Forgotten" into which certain incidents seem doomed to go. They are the stories which refuse to fit in with the explainable theories of a normal and well-ordered world. As in previous issues, we present a few items from that dark and mysterious file.

THE Beast of the Arctic Circle has never been able to achieve the respectable standing now accorded the Sea Serpent. But a living dinosaur, a hundred feet long and with the weight of ten elephants, has figured in many strange tales of the north.

The Duke of Westminster is supposed to have organized an expedition to find the dinosaur. Jesuit Father Lavagneux photographed the monster. Miner Tom Leemore of the Klondike swore he saw the monster in Alaska. When the beast disappeared from Alaska, native hunters claimed

to have seen it appear in Siberia.

Father Lavagneux said the dinosaur "was carrying a 700 pound caribou in its mouth while traveling at 20 miles an hour." Butler, a San Francisco banker, said that he saw the print in the mud of the giant body, the belly of which made a depression 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, 4 feet deep.

But caught somewhere between the devil of credulity and the sea of "too much smoke for no fire," the theorists have let the whole thing drift into the realm of the half-remembered.

★ ★ ★

THE specter of the fuelless motor has not raised its head for sometime now. The last real furor was on February 27, 1928. That was when Lester J. Hendershot of Pittsburgh published a report of his motor, which he said had been checked by Major Thomas Lanphier, U.S. Army, commander of Selfridge Field, Detroit. Major Lanphier stated that he had helped to make a model of the motor, that it was of simple construction, that it generated enough power to light two 110-volt lamps—and that careful tests had shown beyond any doubt that there was no outside source of power.

Dr. Frederick Hochstetter, head of a research laboratory in Pittsburgh, went to New York, hired a lecture hall, and tested Hendershot's motor. Hendershot was not present at this occasion. The motor couldn't be made to work.

Then, with the controversy at its height, silence closed it. It closed in as suddenly as if a hand had been clapped over Hendershot's mouth: one tiny item later stated that he was injured by a 2,000 volt flash of electricity which burst from one of his mysterious motors while he was demonstrating it to a patent attorney.

WHETHER the petty French official named Bottineau, and often referred to as the Wizard of the Isle of Mauritius, actually made an epochal discovery, or had some super-normal ocular faculty—or was simply a small time rogue—will probably never be settled.

Bottineau claimed that he could detect the arrival of ships when they were still five-hundred miles at sea. He said he did it by observing the horizon and noting a certain atmospheric change.

He had an incredible assortment of testimonials to his strange power. The Governor of Mauritius, the Attorney General of the island, the Commissioner General of the Navy, and a

dozen other reliable men testified to Bottineau's ability to foretell the arrival of ships. Between 1778 and 1782 he foretold the arrival of 575 craft, many of them four days before they were visible to any other persons on land.

Now that the experiments at Duke have brought the question of super-normal perception to the fore again, scientists may deign to look into a few of the host of tales about men and women who have apparently perceived things beyond the range of normal human faculties. But the mists of dogma have lifted too late for Bottineau. He died while still trying to get French officialdom to give him a hearing.

★ ★ ★

NO ONE remembers Andrew Crosse, the electrical genius of England whose supposed creation of living organisms caused a turmoil in 1837. Crosse never claimed to have created life. He never even claimed to explain what occurred. And no one ever explained why Weeks of Sandwich got identical results, or why the immortal Faraday mentioned that the same thing happened in his work.

Crosse was experimenting with the growing of crystals by passing a weak electrical current through certain solutions. Often he electrified a solution for as long as a year. While doing this, he discovered a horde of tiny animals, which he called *Acarus electricus*, forming in the solution. He was amazed,

took precautions to prevent outside contamination. New acari grew. He tried ever more elaborate means to prevent contamination. It made no difference.

Weeks used still greater precautions than Crosse. He baked his apparatus, used distilled water, filled his receivers with oxygen instead of air, and superheated his silicon solutions. Still the tiny animals appeared. Control experiments, done under the same conditions except that no electricity was used, drew blanks; no life appeared.

No one ever solved the puzzle. Perhaps each age has its own creators of life. Anyway, mysteries of the laboratory are often simpler to forget than to explain. —R. DEWITT MILLER

IT'S NOT THE FIRE

INSTINCT TELLS US TO FEAR THE FLAMES, BUT
SCIENCE WARNS THAT SMOKE IS MORE DEADLY



FRANKLIN, New Jersey: Four children and their father were found dead when their dwelling burned. They had all been suffocated by smoke.

Kansas City, Missouri: A man fell asleep and was asphyxiated when the lighted cigarette he'd been smoking fell and ignited the bedding.

Brooklyn, New York: One fireman was killed by smoke and three were overcome while fighting a small fire in an apartment.

Time and again, reports of fires read in this baffling way. Not "fatally burned," as anyone would expect, but instead, running like a discordant theme that would plague anyone who stopped to think of it, the words, "Suffocated," "Overcome," "Asphyxiated."

Fire prevention officials, a few years ago, began to wonder about smoke, which most people assume is guiltless.

Those 10,000 victims of fire each

year — why had many of them died though they had never been touched by flame nor even scorched by the heat of the fire? Investigators stared aghast at the bodies of people, slumped over windowsills ten stories above the first floor where firemen had put out a smoldering blaze—persons who had been asphyxiated before they could jump.

Today the men who fight to prevent fires have reached the startling conclusion that *smoke is more deadly than fire*. They are convinced that black clouds of smoke, surging through cellars and hallways, are responsible for more deaths than the flames that look so much more devastating.

But how?

That's what Dr. J. C. Olsen of Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute set out to solve. In tight-closed chambers, he burned newspapers, wood, excelsior, gasoline, rubber insulation, woolen goods and silk. Then he began to draw off the gases,

analyzing both concentrates and vapors. Bent over his calculations one day, he suddenly suffened. Here, what's this! Seven per cent of prussic acid, the most deadly gas known to man, from the chamber where wool was burned. He hurried to the next sample. Ten per cent of hydrogen sulphide, another lethal gas. A man might die if he breathed 5/100ths of 1 per cent for half an hour of either of these gases! As though that weren't enough, Dr. Olsen found that 6 per cent of the gas in that chamber was carbon monoxide, the gas that everyone knows is sure to kill anyone who breathes it over a length of time. These and other gases curled from the chambers where silk, newspapers, and rubber burned.

So now the authorities are sure of this much. They know the basic explanation for all the mysterious deaths that accompany fires is: Gas. *Smoke is charged with lethal gas.*

There are several baffling questions still to be answered. Why are these gases so potent, even when mixed with air? It's simple to understand why the prussic acid in smoke might be fatal in a closed cellar; but can prussic acid, which is easily dissipated in air, be so potent in the drafts of most burning buildings? Does the carbon diox-

ide, which is abundant in smoke and which forces a man to gasp for air, cause him to breathe an extra stream of deadly gases? How can smoke, even after it has drifted upwards more than one hundred feet beyond the fire, still snuff out the lives of those who breathe it? These are the riddles which will be solved in a year or so. A committee of scientists, armed with their gas-sampling apparatus, will actually analyze the smoke of burning buildings. These men are members of a committee, just appointed by the National Fire Protection Association, which has been charged with the task of identifying every vapor in smoke.

For you and me, it's enough to know that members of the Association and fire chiefs agree that *smoke is poison*. Fire, it's pointed out, is forthright while smoke is a screen for death. A man would never guess, if he hadn't been warned, that in that black smoke, apparently only a cloud formed by millions of particles of soot, are invisible foes that will steal up on him and throttle his breathing. Often he'd have no warning until his legs buckled under him, and only in the second before he lost consciousness would he wonder what had stunned him. Being suffocated by smoke is a compara-

tively quick and easy way to die. It's better than being eaten by flames—if one must die at all.

Enough already is known about smoke to convince the average person that it's something to shun. Here is a little primer of facts about it:

Wood Smoke: That's the kind the person who has read this far is probably thinking about right now. It's the friendly smoke of fireplaces and of burning brush on brittle autumn days. Yet this smoke contains carbon monoxide and acetic acid, as well as other gases. Remember how it makes your eyes sting? That's the acetic acid in it, and in a closed place this smoke is highly poisonous.

Coal Smoke: Sooty but relatively innocuous, most people would estimate. Men who've fought fires in mines know differently. When a grimy fighter is carried out, dead or unconscious, they say he's been "sulphured." He inhaled a lungful of sulphur dioxide, the gas in this smoke which is something like sulphuric acid. (That's the gas that smelled so badly of rotten eggs when you were studying high-school chemistry.)

House or Building Smoke: This is *real* smoke. A man doesn't know much about smoke until he's groped through this pitchy but

formless nothingness, a black bitter taste on his tongue, his mouth agape while he gasps for oxygen that can't enter because his throat or his lungs are locked tight.

This smoke is a conglomerate of gases from furniture, clothing, leather, paint, and all the other innumerable materials that might be contained in a house or factory. Imagine a thousand jets of poison gas, blown into a fine spray, that you must breathe continuously, every time your lungs open for air. That is what this smoke is like.

Some of the gases in this smoke—the hydrocarbons—aren't fatal in themselves. They act like an anaesthetic, making a person groggy so that he just curls up asleep in a corner, until the flames roar over him and burn him alive.

But there are other gases that actually suffocate their victims, and each has its own diabolic technique. In Dr. Olsen's laboratory, 57 per cent of the hot gas from burning wool was ammonia. This is the strangling gas. It causes the membranes of the throat to swell, so the throat is closed as effectively as though a hand were clamped about it, and no oxygen can reach the lungs.

Prussic acid gags every cell in one's body. Not a single cell can

absorb the oxygen it needs, and death is instantaneous. This is the gas that doomed men sniff in the lethal chambers of some states. It smells faintly of bitter almonds.

Carbon monoxide suffocates, too, and in the most insidious way of all. It has a tremendous affinity for the red blood corpuscles, which are the carriers that speed oxygen to every part of one's body. It accumulates, filling these corpuscles so oxygen cannot be absorbed.

You can escape the fatal wallop of smoke if you follow this advice:

1. *Never* smoke in bed, nor in an upholstered chair or couch when you're tired and apt to fall asleep. It's a delusion that you'll be awakened by the heat before much damage is done. The smoke will probably kill or anaesthetize you first.

2. Open windows and doors the instant you notice smoke or flame so there'll be plenty of fresh air.

3. Don't open the door of any airless place, such as a closet or cellar, without being certain you've something with which to fight the fire and a quick avenue

of escape, as well as ventilation.

4. Never beat out a fire. Have a fire extinguisher in your home so you can fight the fire without getting close to the deadly fumes.

5. If your clothing is on fire and you must roll in a blanket or rug to put out the flames, be sure to cover your mouth and nose with one hand. You're wrapped in the most fatal fumes of all!

6. Don't shout open-mouthed, thus breathing in the hot gases.

7. Don't run, thus absorbing more poisoned air.

8. When firemen order you to keep out of a smoking room, do so. Don't scoff, "It's only smoke" and rush in to rescue your canary. You may never come out. If the fire's in the barn or garage and the house is filling with smoke, avoid the house just as you do the building that's in flames.

Don't go into a building where a fire has been extinguished, for the gases have poisoned the air.

Never forget that smoke is lethal. If you remember this, you'll learn instinctively to keep your distance! —HELEN MORGAN

REINFORCED FAITH

"**S**HALL we trust the camels to Allah tonight?" asked the servant of Mohammed as they prepared to camp

for the night. "Yes," replied the prophet, "but tie them first."

—ARTHUR HENDERSON



IN THE CATHEDRAL STRASSBURG

Carved by a Master of the Gothic prime
The Saints and Angels in three rows arise
Around the pillar that our backs are towards,
Our gaze being on the pictured edifice,
The pictured, pillared edifice, the Clock.

There the appointed miracle takes place:
The hands reach noon: the Cherubs strike their bell:
The twelve Apostles file before Our Lord:
Aloft, the golden Cock
Spreads wings and crows: Death sledges with his bone
Upon the gong: the twelve strokes sound, resound.

This is the master-work of men who thought
In balances, whose minds accorded with
The grave procession of the things foreseen,
Masters of measurement and computation
Whose count is warrant.

But elder brothers
To the Toy-makers who can so delight
Our childishness by giving things a gesture—
(The Toy-makers—they were of the day
When Europe's children did not skulk from bombs,
Or flee to lands their fathers never knew!)

And we, before this old Cathedral's left
Without a congregation, stand at gaze.

Then, as the solemn strokes
Along the aisles and nave of glass and stone
Prolong, disperse themselves, resound
Where Time's just measure is in centuries,
I come to know what the great Master wrought
Within the figures that he carved around
The pillar—why the Angels bend
Their heads before new mystery, the Saints
As from familiar boundary advance.
Aye, clearer than Horloger he could show
Time is the natures of the world below!

—PADRAIC COLUM

INTELLECTUAL, GO 'WAY

IF YOU HAVE A LITTLE LIST, THIS PAINFULLY
INTELLIGENT CHAP MUST BE AT THE VERY TOP



OFFHAND, I can't think of anything I don't like as much as I don't like intellectuals. I suppose they have their uses, the same as adversity and the study of Latin verbs—but they are accordingly as unpleasant and as dull.

I am referring, of course, to that type of individual who actually thinks of himself as an intellectual, or, as they used to call it five to ten years ago, as a member of the "intelligentsia." The country is riddled with them, and especially New York City, where they are thicker than fiddlers in the hereafter. Literary cocktail parties are their favorite habitat, but lacking these they gather in one another's apartments, or at times whole coveys of them may be found huddled together in certain of the flossier bars. They can always be spotted by the noise they make with their mouths. The trouble with intellectuals is that they talk too much.

I cannot help but regard this as

a form of infantilism, or, let us say, retarded adolescence. Almost all of us go through it at school, when we are skittering through various literature and "culture" courses—"The English novel from Beowulf through H. G. Wells"—and at that time all our essays and letters to friends are thickly studied with quotations and literary allusions. But most of us gradually outgrow this. The intellectual never does. He continually bolsters up his conversation with a "well, as Schopenhauer says." His simplest act has to be colored and interpreted in the light of something he has read. Life, for the intellectual, is a reflection of Literature, and for every emergency there is an epigram. "It sure is hot for February, as Baudelaire says."

The intellectual at play is a pitiful thing. He is absolutely incapable of just sitting back and enjoying himself. No, he has got to analyze everything. Watch one listening to swing music sometime.

Or, rather, hear him. He will discuss it with all the solemnity and fanaticism of a convert to theosophy. Each bar, each chord, has to be dissected and explained in the correct technical jargon, with detailed references to history, chronology and psychology thrown in. Not that it isn't all right to know the background of various phenomena. Knowledge is a fine thing. It is all right with me. But what I object to is the laborious preciousness they bring to it. They put on so much *side* about it.

A similar process goes on with everything the intellectual does. Skiing is another good example. No self-respecting intellectual will be content to say, "I like skiing because it's fun," or just, "I like skiing." He is duty-bound to deliver a monologue on the aesthetics of the sport, in addition to the technicalities. He adopts what is almost a pseudo-religious attitude toward it. This, I think, is the basic note. An intellectual has got to make a cult out of the simplest thing he does or likes. I suppose the underlying idea in this is to build it up, to make it important enough to merit his attention. Apparently he cannot bear to like anything in the way ordinary people like it. He must

always swathe it round with a mystic aura. The common folk may like the same things, but of course — so the intellectual reasons — they don't know *why* they do, and they are utterly incapable of appreciating them in the same superior way that an intellectual can.

Along this line, take note of his attitude toward such things as guessing games, bowling, croquet, Coney Island or hot dogs. When indulged in by other people, the intellectual regards them as dull or silly or vulgar, but when he himself takes them up, they immediately become something Special. Victorian clocks, Japanese lanterns, and mural paintings of Vesuvius are sneered at until an intellectual buys them for his own modern apartment and then they become terribly amusing and chic. Comic Valentines were always considered in bad taste, but if an intellectual sends them to his friends, it is dreadfully witty. And if people in a small mid-Western town think it's fun to get drunk and sit around a piano singing old ballads like *Casey Jones* and *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*, it is because they are unsophisticated; but if a group of intellectuals think it's fun to do the same thing in a New York apartment, it is because they *are*

sophisticated. They, of course, know how quaint and amusing and "folk-lorish" they're being—and that's what makes the difference.

The sad thing about all this is that the intellectuals manage to ruin almost everything they take up. They did this with burlesque about ten years ago, and they did it with the comic strips. They did it with Harlem and with Laurel and Hardy. They stumble onto something which they enjoy, but they are not content to let it go at that. (Especially if it is something that a great many other people enjoy, too.) They simply have to explain *why* they enjoy it—and, with an irritating pretentiousness, they set about doing this via thousands on thousands of pompous words, both written and oral, until whatever it is becomes part of the chic literary pattern of the day and every one gets self-conscious about it. It is a hell of a note, indeed, when a person can't pick up the paper to read Moon Mullins and Crazy Kat without sitting down and dashing off a book to prove that they are really Great Art and that therefore it is all right for him to read them.

Take a look at the professional intellectual in politics. He is historically unstable. Easily inspired,

he is again trapped by his own necessity for self-dramatization and for preserving his superior individualism in spite of hell and high water. He has only contempt for the decisions of the majority; and he shudders at the thought of any work which is unspectacular. He is brilliantly militant when sitting around discussing matters in bars; but in the daytime he is always too busy recovering from hangovers to do anything about putting his theories into practice. However, he gets very mad if his own ideas are not immediately carried out to the letter, and he usually ends up by going over to the other side in a pet of temper.

As it is in politics and at play, so it is in the various other aspects of mundial existence. Now take sex. I don't know of anything that can ruin sex the way an intellectual can. Here, again, he simply cannot stand to have it thought that he would react in the way an average human would, or experience the same emotions. He feels—or says he does—that his intellectual integrity demands utter honesty, and having said that, he is off to the races again. You are in for hour after hour of painful mental probing as he analyzes his own emotions and yours, his actions and your reactions, and vice

versa. Apparently, he had rather analyze his emotions than give vent to them. Anything can be spoiled by being too articulate about it, because this increases self-consciousness, and above all things this is true of a love affair. The man who will sit and talk all night, explaining how he feels about you and just what he thinks of Sex, is going to give a girl an awful inferiority complex. She is going to begin to feel, "I bet he wouldn't be doing all this talking if I were Alice Faye!" That sort of thing is all right on the stage when it is written by Noel Coward and acted out by Lunt and Fontanne, but in private life it is not much fun.

Your intellectual is so afraid of being thought sentimental that he goes to the opposite extreme, and an uncomfortable time is had by all. I doubt if there is a woman living who hadn't rather be told she's the most beautiful woman in the world—even though she knows it's untrue—than to have all her physical defects pointed out to her, no matter how wittily. Just as I don't think there's a woman who hadn't rather have a man try to kiss her (if she likes him at all) than to sit and talk all night about whether he will or not, and if he does, what, exactly,

will it mean, and shall they have an affair or not—what are the reasons for it and against? Hohum.

I am perfectly sure that this inability to be natural or spontaneous is the reason why you find so many male intellectuals rushing off to psychoanalysts every payday and having nervous breakdowns because they are worried about their sex life. They talk themselves into it. After all, you never heard of a longshoreman having a nervous breakdown because of his sex life.

On second thought, maybe I am not so perfectly sure that it is due to the intellectual's incapacity for naturalness. Maybe he goes to the psychoanalyst for the same reason that he insists on explaining his every move in advance to his girl—because he *likes* to talk about it. Maybe he likes being maladjusted. That, too, distinguishes him from the common herd. Does he respond to natural urges the same as the average man? Certainly not! *He* has complexes. *He* has neuroses. Just let him spend a few hours telling you about them. In fact, just let him spend the rest of his life telling you about them. "Now it all started when I was two years old and fell in love with my mother's felt

bedroom slipper. It seems I thought it was a rabbit. My psychiatrist tells me—"

Well, what can you do about them? The more you pamper them the worse they become. There is nothing they love like attention. Ignore them and they wither away like a flower. But not far enough away. There is a law against shooting them, but just the same I believe simple ordinary people should

have some protection against them. I am inclined to be in favor of gathering them all up, planting them in one remote colony where there is no one for them to talk to but one another—and letting them all just bore themselves to death. Then perhaps the rest of us could have a little fun without being made to feel like carbon copies of the village idiot.

—HELEN BROWN NORDEN

QUICK MARK-DOWNS

"MY goodness, what a night! Hear that wind and sleet! I wouldn't go outside tonight for a million dollars . . . I'll answer it, Sue. No, I've got it . . . Hello . . . Oh, hello, Jim? . . . What? . . . Oh, I'd just love to . . . Ten minutes? . . . Oh yes, Jim, I can be ready."

★

"Hey! Hey! Pullover! Whatsa idea of roaring through here eighty miles an hour, huh? You wanna—oh, pardon me, commissioner. I didn't recognize you. What? Yeah, you was going maybe a little fast. This is a twenty-five mile zone, and you musta been doing pretty close to thirty."

★

"Did it rain yesterday? What a question! I've lived in Los Angeles eighteen years, and I never saw it come down like that. Musta rained a foot if it rained an inch. Say, where were you anyhow? . . . Oh, you just

got in from Miami this morning . . . You live there, eh? Well, we had quite a shower for a minute or two. Didn't last long, though."

★

"Boy, is that the homeliest dame I ever saw! . . . What? Your sister? Got an interesting face, though, hasn't she? I'll bet she's a lot of fun."

★

"Say, if that guy's a violinist, I'll eat my hat! Tune him out . . . It is? . . . Heifetz? Well, I'll be darned. Reception isn't very good tonight. Pass me another cracker, will you?"

★

"Don't make me laugh! I wouldn't go around the block to see that fight. Gleevis won't last a round . . . Howzat? . . . You've got an extra ticket? Listen, why don't you drive in with me? We can make it in four hours if we leave right now and step on it."

—OSCAR HATCH

GOOD MORNING AFTER

IF YOU MUST DRINK—AND AREN'T WE ALL?—
HERE ARE SOME TIMELY RULES OF THE ROAD



GRANTED to start with that there is one sure way to avoid the shakes, the quivers, the jitters, the hammering head, the surly stomach, and all other assorted miseries of the so-called morning after which often lasts all day. Stick to water or soda-pop.

Going on from there is necessary, however, because the American's normal intimacy with the Demon Rum is precisely like that noted by the great European physician about our relations with apple pie. The American, said this doctor, refuses to be told not to eat apple pie—instead he insists on being told how to eat apple pie and get away with it. We continue to believe, in the face of most of the evidence, that it is possible to combine a heavy night of it with a lighthearted awakening. Or if it isn't, it should be.

Without hangovers, drinking would have few definite penalties attached these days. Although the germ of the temperance idea may

have been born in the swimming brain of some bearded ancient who, to quote Mr. Westbrook Pegler, had got sick and tired of waking up sick and tired, most of the temperance movement's dire predictions about hobnailed livers, race degeneracy, lives cut off in their prime, and so forth, have now been thrown out of court by detached scientific investigation. But that general physical and spiritual malaise, that feeling of crawling affinity with the primeval slime, that dirty feeling that soap won't wash away, that jangling sense of being a stranger in the universe still remains the usual consequence of jacking up the psyche with alcohol too thoroughly for the peace and comfort of the rest of the machine. And a hangover is not only the lowest condition possible to human life—ask the man who owns one—but an extreme, if dubious luxury. The trembling hand and the faltering brain make sadly inefficient tools

for earning one's living, nor is it much fun to have to consecrate week-end and holiday spare time to sulkily nursing them. Which may account for the sinister fact that the care and feeding of a hangover is usually tops in conversation throughout the drinking that precedes it.

Everybody has his own pet remedy. It probably doesn't work but he keeps on earnestly urging it on everybody else, possibly in hopes that they'll come right back with something that does. There's the tomato-juice school of thought—plain or spiked with a dash of vinegar or Worcestershire sauce. The tablespoonful-of-olive-oil-beforehand school—dieting women, conscious of the hundred calories already in each highball or cocktail, shudder at the very idea. The hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you clique—with an endless variety of sure-fire specifics, all the way from a champagne cocktail at the stroke of noon to a hair-raising mixture of fruit-salts and gin to be taken before breakfast. The prairie oyster—raw egg doctored with Worcestershire—is prime favorite of our British cousins, and smart Parisians, after a night of gaieté, flock to the open-air markets at dawn for a steaming bowl of onion soup. Calcium lactate—what the

dentist recommends for little Johnny's teeth—has had a recent vogue as a hangover-preventive. Many people swallow ten grains of it before drinking and a tablet or two more at bedtime and swear by it in the teeth of the medical profession who insist that there's not the slightest scientific basis for its helping. And recent widespread newspaper publicity about the successful treatment of alcoholics with Vitamin B₁ has started a rush to the drugstore to lay in a supply of the vitamin, while the doctor who devised the treatment stands on the sidelines wringing his hands. The point is it really works on genuine alcoholics who have developed a dietary deficiency through drinking instead of eating their meals over a long stretch of time but that does not necessarily mean that is pertinent to cases of a couple too many highballs at the country club dance.

Learning to ride the crest of the alcoholic wave without falling into the hangover trough is possible, but it's as personal a matter as one's taste in neckties. Imitating some hollow-legged friend who can pour them down like so much tap-water and wake up happy as a lark next morning is apt to be disastrous. Two or three might make a cork-sniffer tight but

wouldn't necessarily produce a hangover. Nobody can tell you offhand just how many jiggers of whisky you, John Jones, ought to take. The effect on any one person varies with how much food is in his stomach, how tired he is, how much he smokes while drinking and the nature of the liquor consumed. Experts can say only that the red light for any drinker is the moment when the stimulating effect slows down and alcohol begins to show itself in its true colors as an anaesthetic. You may be able to recognize the transition to this phase by numbness in cheeks and hands or a mild tingling of the lips.

With the first sniff of the first Manhattan the process of absorption of alcohol into the system begins to get under way. As it rolls through the mouth a little more is absorbed. The stomach dumps somewhere between a quarter and a third unaltered into the bloodstream and the rest soaks rapidly through from the small intestine—so that the time-honored method of trying to clear it out with a physic comes too late to prove much. Within a very few minutes of finishing a drink you are literally pickled—with alcohol in every organ and tissue, including brain and nerves, and the process of

oxidation—by which the body burns up alcohol like a spirit-lamp—has begun. The body does its best to clear the decks as soon as possible but with its arbitrary speed limit of two teaspoonfuls an hour, the average drinker has a terrific headstart. An ordinary bar jigger of whisky contains about 20 c.c. of straight alcohol. Considering the way one jigger leads to another, you can figure out with dismaying ease the wide discrepancy between the time it takes to put say five highballs under your belt and the ten hours it takes the human lamp to burn them up. As long as any unoxidized alcohol remains in the system, you have at least a potential hangover.

Nor is left-over alcohol the whole story. The body is further harassed by certain fatigue poisons which the presence of alcohol causes muscles unwholesomely to retain. Which is why after drinking you seem to—and do—need far more sleep than ordinarily. Each additional bend of the elbow calls for just that much more rest to get these poisons out of the system. Until they're all gone, very few people stand a prayer of feeling up to scratch.

Practically anyone can speed up the burning process of his alcoholic cargo with strenuous exer-

cise and deliberately deep breathing, preferably in the open air. At the New York World's Fair last summer they had "hangover stations"—respirators full of a mixture of air and carbon dioxide as first aid for drunks past the point where their own lungs were much use to them. The newspapers jubilantly angled stories on potential home use of the gadget, pointing out that you could install one in the game room for about fifty dollars. But doctors only said drily that all the average penitent drinker needs is a little determined effort in the back yard.

The kind of drinker who believes distillers know just how much water to add to their product and make mine straight please is just asking for hangovers. A shot of whisky straight hits harder and faster than the same drink diluted in a highball and its shortness speeds up the appearance of the next round. By the same logic the long diluted drink is a gentler sparring partner than the short tough cocktail. The ideal procedure, of course, would be to put off the next round until the first one is burned up but, as the Governor of North Carolina might say, an average of two hours would make a long, long time between drinks. The principle is sound,

however—drinking as slowly as is convivially practical is excellent protection against what's going to happen to you if you don't. The students at the University of Missouri who have invented a technique called *jellying*—lingering half the afternoon over a soft drink—should be imitated as far as possible with more potent stuff. Knocking off in time to get eight hours sleep is the other good way to make the sun shine brighter next day.

Almost everyone who smokes at all smokes more while drinking—an unfortunate impulse because the toxic ingredients of liquor and tobacco sock the nervous system that much harder when combined. Swearer-offers from tobacco find their one consolation is being able to drink more with less after-effects. Mixing pink-ladies, brandy, gin fizzes, and whisky sours may revolt the palate but the idea that mixed drinks are any more intoxicating than the equivalent amount of alcohol taken in a row of fine old bonded rye highballs is out on a scientific limb. In fact fine old bonded rye and other pedigreed liquor has been coming in for a recent deflating from the experts. The more ancient and honorable a breed of spirits, it seems, the more poisonous toxins

are added to the toxin of alcohol itself. All the while it has been aging in its charred cask the innocent water-content and the relatively innocent alcoholic content have been evaporating, leaving the highly toxic "conjurs"—furfural, tannin, terpene, and so on—in strong concentration. Moreover in the process of give and take of absorption between cask and contents, the contents gets another toxic shot from the by-products of the wood. All these goings-on result in excellent flavor and aroma—and elegant hangovers. Doctors would rather have you drink what they call neutral spirits—gin, for instance, which isn't aged at all, or blends of mature whiskies with added pure straight alcohol. Their point of view, it must be remembered however, is strictly non-Epicurean.

Another thing good to remember is that when the old-timers spoke of drinking and making merry, they also mentioned eating. Once alcohol has made its way into the bloodstream, it has to take the long way out. But up to that point the greatest service Philip drinking can render Philip sober is being sure his stomach is well fortified with solid food. Whole milk and fats top the list of foods which slow up and even

partially prevent absorption of alcohol into the blood. A small glass of cream within an hour before drinking is a better foundation for an evening's binge than the proverbial dose of olive oil and it pays later not to have neglected bits of this and that strewn about at the cocktail hour. Some people beat the hangover game altogether by limiting all their drinking to this pre-prandial period and getting to dinner in time to mop up at least part of the alcohol before it has a chance to get in its slicks. You can't cheat, though, by postponing dinner indefinitely and expecting the trick to work.

Even after a lot of the damage is done, food is some help toward recovery. A man going to bed happy as a clam after ten highballs doesn't know he's already got his hangover because he's almost as full of anaesthetic as a patient on an operating table. But it's right there, just the same, ready to spring the moment his central nervous system gets back on the job. So this is the time to pour in as much milk, cereal, hot cream soups and so forth as will go down, to take care of the last few unabsorbed drinks and perhaps cut tomorrow's misery short by several hours. Since alcohol, especially wine and beer, drains

water from the body like a hydraulic pump, plenty of liquid helps regularize that situation too, with carbonated water as favorite for its alkalizing effect on the stomach. A couple of aspirin tablets or other mild sedative to insure sound sleep plus a soda-mint or two to carry along the alkalizing program is another part of the curriculum.

There's a breath—just a breath—of comfort at that zero-hour when the alarm clock goes off, in the thought that, if you've taken all these bedtime measures you're well on the road to recovery, however grim you feel. If the recent good cheer was pretty prolonged and the present agony is correspondingly keen, it's probably best to go on for a few hours with the

liquid diet—plenty of hot coffee first of all to whip the last traces of anaesthesia from the nervous system, then orange juice, milk if you can take it, more soda-water. Almost any liquid in fact—except alcohol. The hair of the dog will only further irritate and postpone the final reckoning with the abused nervous system. It has to come sooner or later unless you want to stay sodden drunk the rest of your natural life—a pretty drastic hangover cure. At about sundown, however, if you've managed to get down some solid food and the alcohol is gone but not forgotten, a discreet single highball is a very nice way of rubbing out the painful memory of the day. . . .

Here's looking at you.

—HELEN FURNAS

POLITICAL BREVITY

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, the great English natural philosopher, was elected to represent Cambridge University in Parliament in 1689 and served in England's legislative body for a number of years. But, though he was a hard worker and prolific controversialist in his field, he was consistently silent in Parliament. His parliamentary colleagues always looked to Newton to speak when important questions arose but the scientist kept his peace. One cold d.y., after a violent

session in Parliament, Newton was seen to rise slowly from his seat. The eyes of the assembly turned upon him. At last the great Newton silence was to be broken. Newton coughed twice and motioned with his hand, indicating the rear of the hall. His eyes fastened on the attendant standing near. "Close that door," he said—and he sat down. Those remained the only three words he ever spoke publicly while in Parliament.

—ERNEST WALLIS

WHAT CONFUCIUS DID SAY

PARLOR WITTICISMS ASIDE, CHINA'S GREAT SAGE
UTTERED WORDS OF WISDOM WHENEVER HE SPOKE



RECENTLY the wags of this land of ours amused themselves with witticisms that were prefaced by "Confucius say." There is no record that the Republic of China, either officially or unofficially, protested our poor taste. No doubt many persons of discernment, Occidentals as well as Orientals, plain people and scholars alike, deprecated the vulgarization. One can imagine what storms of protest would have arisen had the name of any other Master, Moses or Jesus, Mohammed or Buddha, been used as loosely.

We may be forgiven our callowness only on the plea of youth and ignorance: what other defense can there be? For Confucius is one of the most revered teachers of a civilization that was surely not inferior to our own; and more than a quarter-billion people still do him honor. Indeed, we should be forgiven only on the promise to learn whereof we have spoken. Although, as Confucius has said:

"Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous."

★ ★ ★

As is the case with all the great mystics and heroes of antiquity, the actual facts of Confucius' life can hardly be distinguished from the myths that have grown up about it through the centuries. He was born in the year 551 B.C., as we reckon it, (in Shantung Province), in the city of Chou in the district of Ch'ang P'ing where his father, Shuh-Liang Ho, a brave soldier, was the commandant. His father was seventy years old when Confucius was born, but his mother, Ching-Tsai was a second wife, a young woman of good family. The paternal family name was K'ung, and the child, in the custom of his people, was known as K'ung Ch'iu, the surname given first. Later he was called K'ung Fu-Tzu, which we have anglicized to "Confucius."

The legend is that Confucius'

mother, after a visitation, brought him to life in a hollow mulberry tree; another story is that he was born in a cave on a mountainside. In either tale he was marked as an unusual infant. When he was three Shuh-Liang Ho died and the family was left in poverty. At seven he began to attend the local school. By the time he was fifteen he was recognized as an excellent student with great promise. At nineteen he was married, and at twenty his son, Le, was born; a year later the wife was divorced for husband and wife were not well-matched.

Confucius soon secured employment as a public inspector of grains. Before long he had so distinguished himself by his honesty and integrity—rare qualities in officials, then as now—that he was elevated to a position in charge of the public lands and herds. Not until he was twenty-two did he embark on a career as a public teacher: what moved him to this decision is not known, except that he stood out from other men and was respected and listened to by older heads.

His reputation as a moral teacher grew rapidly and students flocked to him from every corner of the province. In these years his mother died. He paid such hom-

age in the burial of his parents, whom he laid to rest together, that all who heard of him lauded him for his filial respect, a virtue perhaps more highly regarded among the Chinese than among any other people. At this time Confucius, apparently recognizing that wisdom knows no boundaries and is universal property, described himself as "A man of the North, South, East and West."

He served as adviser to his Duke. When, because of differences of opinion, he could no longer stay in the ducal service and remain true to his principles, he fled to a neighboring province. There he improved himself in the study of music. He was only twenty-nine years old but the legend is that he was proficient as an archer, as a charioteer, and that he was highly skilled in the use of arms: Confucius never dwelt in an ivory tower.

When he was thirty he "had convictions." What did he teach? Simple virtues: Kindness, rectitude, decorum, wisdom and sincerity. Of course, such teachings were not "original," but they needed re-statement, as they do in every age, and Confucius, like the other great moralists, had the faculty of sending out the old truths with a new-minted bright-

ness glowing brilliantly upon them.

"All men are equal," he said, adding—"if virtuous." When a disciple inquired for a one-word rule of life he replied that "Reciprocity" might well do, thus giving a laconic version of the Golden Rule. He declared that "Among the truly educated there is no distinction of classes," a thought to which the Western world has often given lip-service. He scorned prejudice, declaring that the ideal man stands only for what is right.

So he gently "transmitted" knowledge to his disciples and they spread his fame. Preaching the ancient virtues, he laid stress on precedent and, indeed, opposed change; because of that it has often been said that he opposed progress, a charge that can be refuted. He did support the monarchy and the feudal system and counseled the worship of the old gods, in large part because he was against the anarchy of the barons, forerunners of the more modern Chinese "war-lords." He was skeptical in religion himself and his philosophy concerns not man's relation to God but man's relation, indeed his duty, to man.

He spent another fifteen years in his native province. Civil wars shook the foundations of the government but Confucius continued

his work and, as far as he was able, kept aloof from the internecine struggles. He was fifty when he was appointed the chief magistrate of the town of Chung-tu. Down to us has come unbounded praise of his efficiency as an administrator, but the records of those years of his life are unfortunately lost.

So marked were his accomplishments in municipal administration that Duke T'ing made him his assistant in charge of the public works. In this capacity Confucius worked diligently to improve the agricultural arts. Then he was appointed to the office of Minister of Crime—or "Justice" as we would say. He was singularly successful in this position and was hailed as the idol of the people, for although he took a stand against capital punishment he stamped out crime. Even as a minister he emphasized the need for study, for ethics, for filial devotion and for propriety.

However, Confucius' triumph soon came to an end. His administrative reforms had offended many small officials. To win back Duke T'ing they sent him a gift of eighty dancing girls. The Duke listened to the charmers. Confucius looked on and saw his work undone. "I have not seen one who

loves virtue as he loves beauty," the sage declared sadly and left the ducal court.

Accompanied by his disciples, he traveled through China for the next thirteen years, moving from province to province. Everywhere he was well received by the wicked and the worthy alike, but nowhere did he remain long. Perhaps in these years he edited the *Book of History*, the *Book of Changes*, and the *Book of Odes*. He wrote the *Spring and Autumn Annals*, composed those wise sayings that have come down to us as the *Analects of Confucius*, and wrote the *Great Learning*, a work on ethics which markedly influenced the Chinese.

Confucius wandered as far as South China and the Province of Yun-nan. Then his native province invited him to come back, and the sage turned homewards. No sooner had he returned than his son died. Confucius was now sixty-eight years old and his days had not been rich in peace. Three years later, in the midst of another period of revolution and strife, his chief disciple, Tze-loo, died.

The sage was melancholy; no doubt he was disappointed that all his efforts had not effected permanent reforms in his native land. Moreover, in his old age, although he was not in want, he had

no wife with him, and no child. He said:

*The great mountain must crumble;
The strong beam must break;
And the wise man wither away like a plant.*

One more year he lived, teaching his disciples, meditating upon man and his ways. In the spring of 478 B.C., when he was seventy-two years old, death came—and peace at last.

At once the entire Chinese nation began to pay homage to him and to his philosophy. Many learned disciples, Mencius the most noted, lovingly spread his teachings. Emperors conferred posthumous honors upon him: "Duke," "Earl," "King," "Perfect Sage" they called him. "Confucianism" became one of the greatest cults in history. So devotedly has he been regarded since then that to Western eyes it has seemed that he was considered a god. True, beautiful temples have been raised in his name and the common people have not always drawn a sharp line between reverence and worship. But the Chinese revere him primarily as a great teacher and not as a god. And it is in this sense that the enlightened part of the Western world also pays honor to his name.

—LOUIS ZARA

HAUT MONDE

HILDA AND ELSA WERE FASHIONED OF THE VERY BEST WAX BUT, AFTER ALL, THEY WERE ONLY HUMAN



"MY DEAR Elsa! What a lovely chapeau!"

"Hilda! It's good to see you."

"And you! You look so youthful: the breath of spring! Honestly, but that hat is a creation!"

Elsa warmed to her. "Isn't it though! From the new Apparelli collection which was, you know, convoyed across the ocean to escape the submarines. And I think it does something for me. All morning long I've been watching my reflection simply to admire the classic lines of it. Sheer genius! . . . But it's been ages since we've—"

"Yes, it has," Hilda supplied. "I was in the Corner Salon ever so long. Of course, it has its advantages. There's the intersection and the traffic to amuse one. The infinite variety of it, I always think. But my dear, you'd have died. I was a young mother with three children of tender years. Can you imagine!"

"I know exactly how you must

have felt," Elsa sympathized although she was secretly amused at the thought of Hilda's discomfiture. "But personally, although I wouldn't say this to everyone, I've never cared for the Corner Salon. The sun beating down on you from the north in the morning and the west in the afternoon . . . Have you seen Leda?"

"I haven't spoken to her. She's inside now, you know."

"She is!"

"Near the main elevators. And, my dear, in a frothy little \$19.95!"

Elsa giggled. "Leda in a \$19.95. *Sic transit Leda!*"

"So said I when I saw her on my way here. I'm certain, I'm positive, she saw me, too. But of course she simply stared and pretended she didn't know I was there. I really don't blame her. There was a horrid throng of bargain-shoppers around her, and, my dear, not a two-way stretch among them!"

"The poor dear! I sometimes

wonder whether the game is worth the candle. Leda did give the store the best years of her life."

Hilda reflected. "It's frightful, but the one I really feel sorry for is Hortense."

"Hortense? Hortense. You mean the big girl?"

"She wasn't really big. Only that she left Galatea, Ltd. in the year of the bigger bust. She was a sensation her first season out."

"It was the Surrealist Display that was the beginning of her end. An egg, a watch and rolls of wire. She never lived that down."

"And then the head dresser used her to contrast a Picasso abstract design—He really sacrificed her to it."

"Over night she was gone."

"The last I heard she was in one of those second-floor fur shops wearing a ghastly thing of dyed muskrat. Didn't suit her at all. It'll be the bargain basement for Hortense any day now."

They were silent as outside the porter lowered the awning over the window-fronts.

"My dear!" Hilda suddenly exclaimed. "The stare of that woman! The old gimlet-eye! She ought to know there isn't anything here for her type. Look at her!"

"What in the world can she be staring at? Does my slip show?"

"Don't be grotesque. It's your hat!"

"My chapeau? It would never, never do for her."

"No? But look, she can't tear her eyes away from it. And she's coming in, too!"

A little sob escaped Elsa. "I can't bear it, Hilda!"

"Brace yourself, my dear, do brace yourself. Remember the times. The store is as helpless as we are. Everyone has had to let down his standards. Here they come—simply to snatch it from your brow."

"Oh!"

"Courage!" Hilda breathed. "*Noblesse oblige!*"—LOUIS STEELE



INVOCATION TO LOVE

by Jean-Honoré Fragonard

FROM ST. FRANCIS MUSEUM (QUAI DE TOKIO), PARIS

Perhaps the least realistic element in the make-believe world that preceded the French Revolution was its art. And when it became a matter of uttering sweet nothings on canvas, Jean-Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806) was an indisputable master of eloquence. Lacking in solidity, richly endowed with a frothy sort of brilliance, he is unexcelled as a painter for one's lighter moments. It is an interesting commentary on the painting reproduced here that, even though it represents an outdoor scene, it still somehow suggests the daintiness of a boudoir. For never had art been so feminized as in the time of Fragonard.

Overleaf:

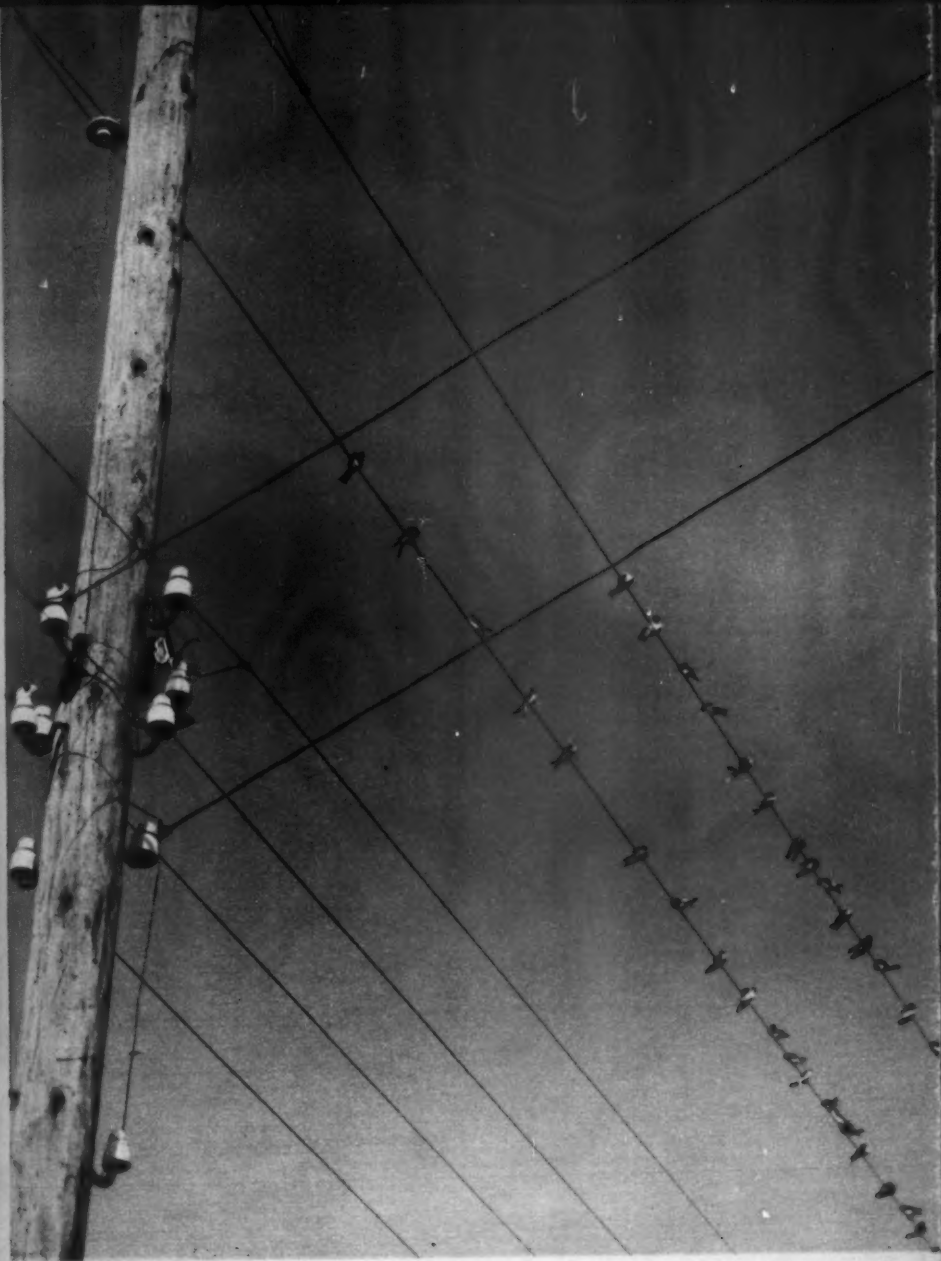
ROCK-A-BYE

Photograph by Nell Dorr

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ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

PARTY LINE

MAY, 1940



BRASSAI

PARIS

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE

CORONET



RIS

CV LA TOUR

PASADENA, CALIF.

PATHFINDER

MAY, 1940

61



DR. PAUL WOLFF

FROM BLACK STAR

CURLICUE

CORONET



STAR

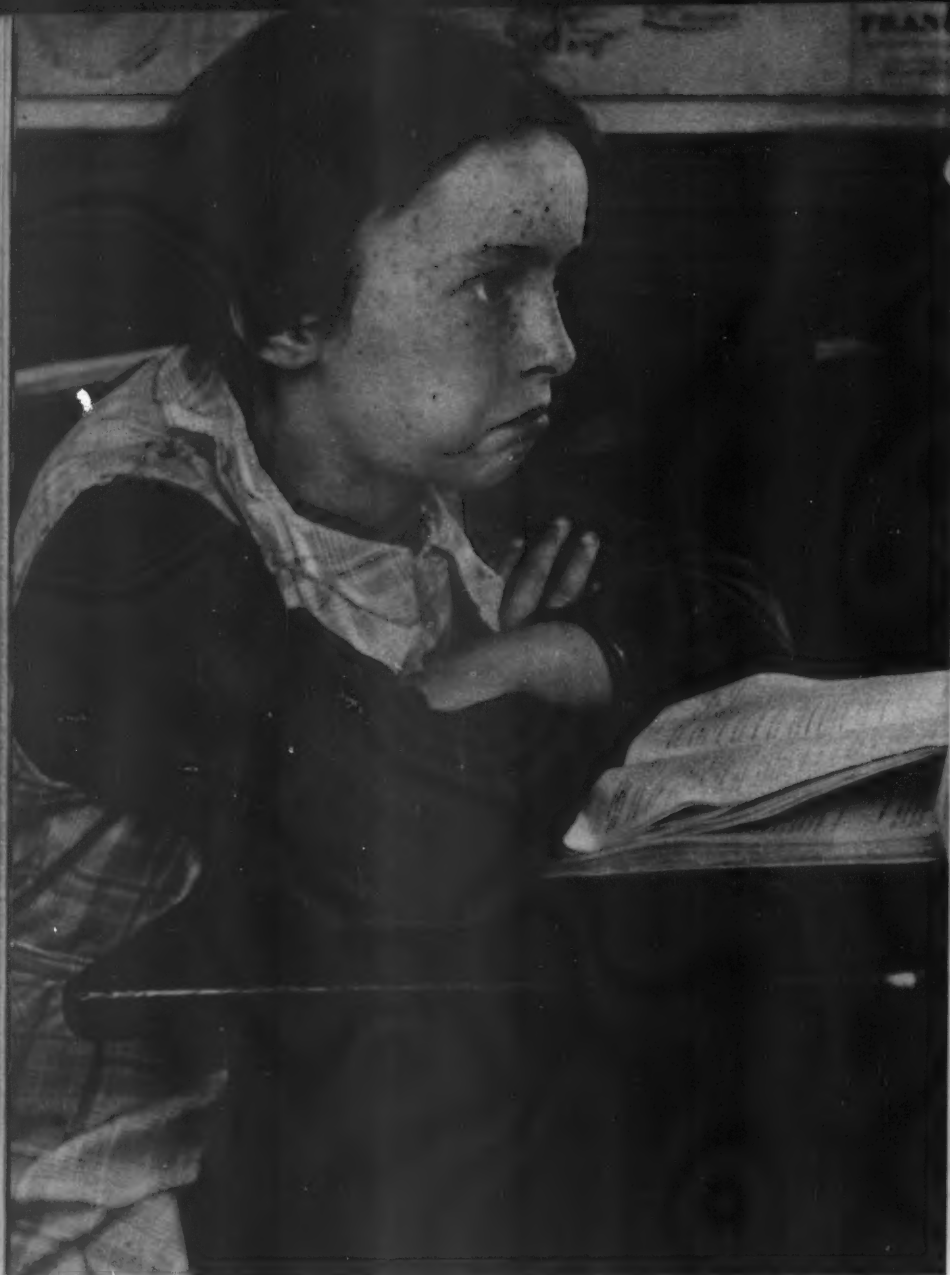
STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

SHAFT OF LIGHT

MAY, 1940

63



JEAN REISSMANN

PARIS

NO ROYAL ROAD

CORONET

64



CAROLA GREGOR

FROM MONKEMEYER

THE SOWER

MAY, 1940



NICHOLLS

FROM PIX

DAVY JONES

CORONET

66



PICTORIAL PRESS, LONDON

FROM PIX

WHILE IT LASTS

MAY, 1940

67



FROM DORIEN LEIGH

LONDON

TURNING POINT

CORONET



ON
ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

THE GLEANER

MAY, 1940



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

KNEE HIGH

ECRONET

70



AGO

EWALD GNILKA

FROM THREE LIONS

DRIZZLEPUSS

MAY, 1940



HANSE TSCHIRA

FROM EUROPEAN

GLIDER

CORONET

72



ERNŐ VADAS

FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

MORNING'S AT SEVEN

MAY, 1940



ANDRÉ STEINER

PARIS

ANDRÉ

BACKSWING

CORONET

74



ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ

NEW YORK

ON THE FENCE

MAY, 1940



LOKAY

PART J

FIGURE VEIL

CORONET



PAR JOHN GUTMANN

SAN FRANCISCO

QUEEN OF THE MAY

MAY, 1940



KURT LUBINSKI

NEW YORK

THROUGH THE YEARS

CORONET



YORK

MEISEL

FROM MONKEMEYER

THE SHADOWS FALL

MAY, 1940



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

I LIFT UP MINE EYES

CORONET

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G. DE FRÉVILLE

PARIS

ASKANCE

MAY, 1940



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

BOBBY PIN

CORONET

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BRASSAI

PARIS

RAPUNZEL, RAPUNZEL

MAY, 1940

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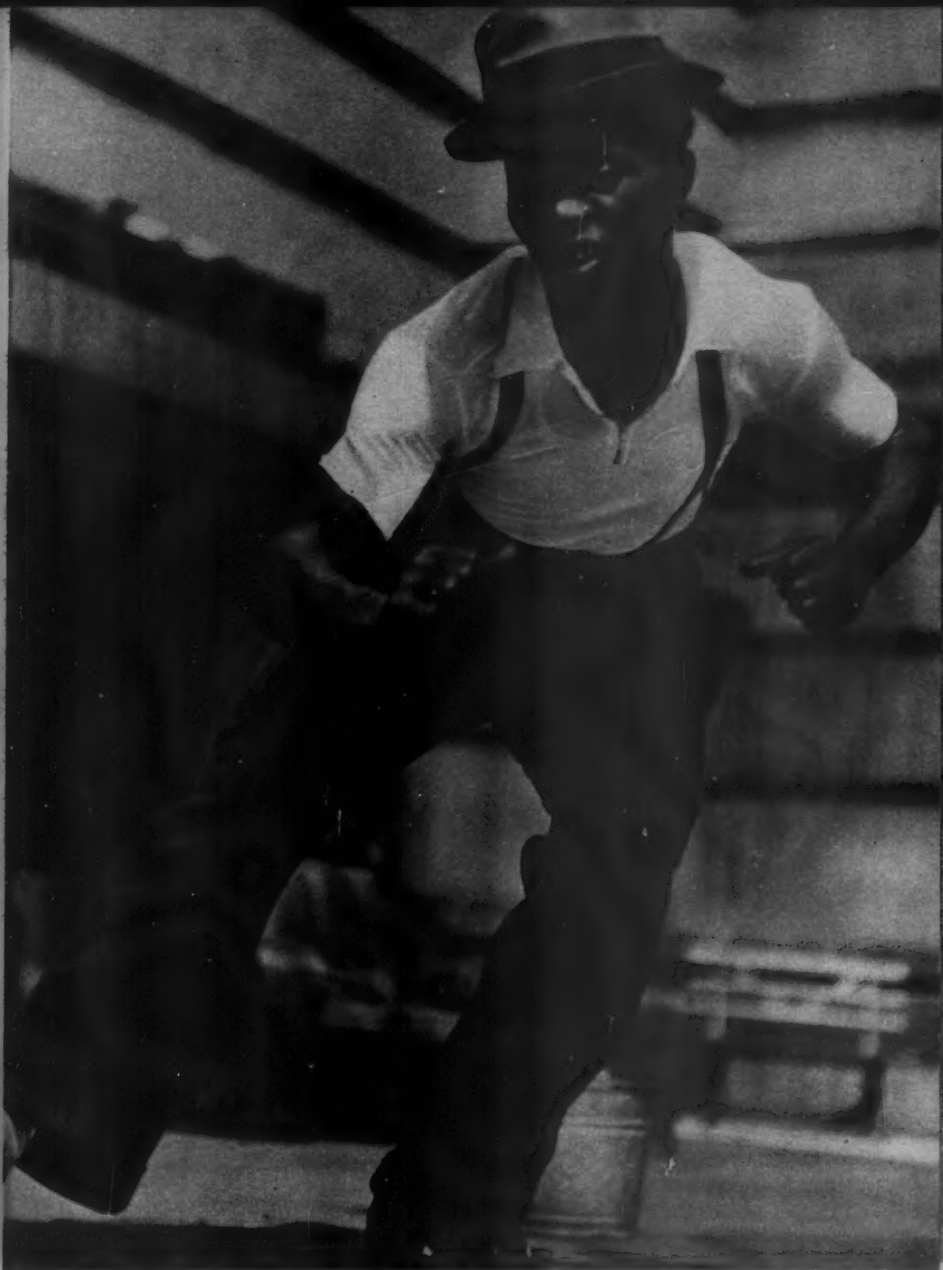


LANOE

FROM FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION KEN

THE LAW

CORONET



ATION KENNETH HEILBRON

CHICAGO

HOTFOOT

MAY, 1940

85



FRANK BAUER

FROM GRAPHIC

JO

STALLED

CORONET

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JOHN GUTMANN

SAN FRANCISCO

UPSY-DAISY

MAY, 1940



JUNG

FROM FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION

MARKSMAN

CORONET

88



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

JERRY-BUILDERS

MAY, 1940



WALTER S. MARX, JR.

CHICAGO

MANPOWER

CORONET

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FOX TROT

A MAN SOON LEARNS THAT THE DANCE OF LIFE
MUST TAKE A SLOWER TEMPO WITH THE YEARS



IT is really a wonderful moment when the phonograph is unwrapped the evening after arriving at the villa. Real musical instruments have more dignity and significance, but the phonograph alone can produce the voice of the tenor and the tone of the violin.

The family is gathered in the dining room which has been cleared after dinner. The instrument is on the table still in traveling garb. The Mother calls the gardener.

"Erasmus, please pay special attention to the way it's wrapped so that when it's time to leave you will be able to pack it up again."

Erasmus has been exceedingly observant. He has assembled the traveling costume of the phonograph piece by piece, not even forgetting the newspaper. Then, having made a neat bundle, he leaves to put it away in a safe place he will keep in mind.

Now the instrument is ready.

The round mouth is attached to the phonograph neck; that strange circular mouth at the end of the curving neck of the mechanical bird which knows so many beautiful things. What shall we play first?

Old arias, noble and melancholy, like mirrors which no longer reflect are the Mother's favorites, while the young daughter is wild about *The Barber of Seville* and *Sonnambula*. As for the little children who can't even read and write, of course anything will do for them. Anything *good* will also satisfy the grown son, for he is a musician in his way, and although he admires classical music, he does not disdain American fox trots with their savage, red-blooded Negro rhythms.

The evening without is silent save for the contralto note of the brook as it communes with the moon. The Father as well likes those loud, harsh voices which evoke the forest and the ocean.

Let us play *Yes, We Have No Bananas*, a Fox Trot by Silver and Cohn, with an orchestra from the Great White Way. He wants to let those mad spirits from afar loose in their native realm of the new moon.

A turn of the handle, a screech of the needle along the margin of the record, and it is off. What fury, what resoluteness! It dashes into the heart and meaning of the music without preface or hesitation. The saxophones, with their ventriloquist-like tone, the cornets, the bass drum, the exulting banjo, the piano struck by fingers strong as rods, shout singly and together that it is good to be alive, but that to dance is best of all. Even the brook is heard no longer; it has fallen out with the sentimental moon. Surely it has stopped babbling and has begun to pirouette on the pebbles between the ferns of the cleft through which it flows.

The Father too is dancing around in a circle, holding his young daughter before him with both hands, not as the fox trot is danced, but as if he were doing a country dance in the barn. From the first beat of the music he is aware of an electric quivering in his calves which he cannot withstand. He delights in this impulse which he has not experienced for

a long time. Without doubt, he is a young father, far younger than the hidden figures of his status on the civil list would reveal. He never mentions his age voluntarily, for after all, it is the heart that counts. The ceremonious priest had worked wonders with him that morning, when, on meeting him in the sacristy of the church he had told him that he had stolen ten years from time. He has about as many grey hairs as can be counted on the fingers of both hands, and nothing betrays his age except perhaps the broad stature and serious mien of his eldest son. Truly, he has never felt so boyish, even when he really was a boy. It makes him a little vain to dance like that, jumping high in the air. He is glad to see that the door of the hall has swung open noiselessly and the cook, the maid and the gardener are standing on the threshold watching him smilingly.

"Again," he says, encouraged by the audience, hearing that the orchestral introduction is ending and in a moment the words of the song will commence. "From the beginning," he insists, turning to his son, panting almost imperceptibly.

The young man, understanding above the din, obeys gravely and

swings the needle back to the margin of the record. The saxophones start blaring again and the notes of the banjo twang like metal shafts. The cymbals cry, "Yes, yes, yes," and the Father and daughter are still dancing round and round. He doesn't notice that the young girl is dragging herself along unwillingly and lifelessly, that this barbarous way of dancing doesn't appeal to her, and that she is afraid of being dizzy. But he is no longer aware of anything. He does not see his wife and children who have withdrawn to the corners of the room to give him more space, or the servants who still watch him, but with smiles now expressionless and mechanical, or the legs of the chairs with which he now and then collides. He is entirely dominated by the harsh and arrogant sounds the phonograph emits as if it would explode. His temples throb and he feels lightheaded, as if he had drunk too deeply of a good, sweet wine.

Now it is time to stop. He separates himself from his daughter, who, swaying a little, runs to her Mother for refuge and then sits alone far from everyone. The jazz introduction has ended for the third time. The baritone comes in, his mouth close to the amplifier.

Yes! We have no bananas.

We have no bananas today.

What is the matter now? He thought that when he rested he would treasure and savor his gaiety, but instead he is suffering. At first the quickened beating of his heart had seemed the natural consequence of too much youthfulness. He should stop but he does not. On the contrary, he moves faster. He gallops as if he were keeping time with the palpitations of his heart which have become louder and more intense.

"So," he says silently and teasingly turning to his heart, almost as if he wished to divert it, "because of ten minutes of dancing you put me through such a song and dance." But his heart is not in on the joke. Now it is acting exactly like a covered pot left on the stove to boil by the cook, and its rhythm accompanies the phonograph. Won't this brutal music ever end, with that strident baritone voice and those whining saxophones? Now it is over and the tempest of his heart gradually subsides. But he is sure that it has given his face an unhealthy pallor. Everything has assumed a dreamlike unreality. The room seems much larger to him; his family at the other end, more distant; the light which a few minutes before

appeared brilliant, now looks dim and yellow.

No one notices that he is disturbed. His wife is bent over her crocheting; the little children are lost in their games, and the young girl who danced is tired and abstracted. Only the eldest son who never misses a shadow which crosses his Father's face, at last realizes his sadness and asks:

"What's wrong, Father?"

"Nothing," he answers, raising his head courageously from the hand which supports it.

"Do you know how much the two composers made on that song?" says the son. "Eight hundred thousand dollars."

"That's great work," replies the Father, choosing the shortest words possible, to spare his breath.

He doesn't say anything more and soon goes to his room. When he has turned the electric light switch in vain, he goes to the head of the stairs and calls: "The bulb is burned out," just as solemnly as as if he were announcing the end of the world.

But when the new bulb is screwed in and he is in bed, peace returns to his mind as it had previously to his heart. Perhaps he will be able to hear the brook conversing in low tones with the moon through the half-opened

window. Little things like that don't bring about the end of the world, he thinks. Youth is not over, at least there is still joy in living.

First of all, he tries to reason, there isn't anyone of any age who could dance so wildly without having some palpitations. In the second place, it is all a question of practice, and he has never been a dancer. And then . . . and then, after all, every age has its own ways, its own behavior and is not on that account less valuable than any other, if one knows how to carry it properly. And recalling, one must admit that the servants watched him from the threshold of the hall with admiration, but also with a little compassion. The show he made of himself wasn't exactly dignified. His son would never have jumped around that way; but *he* doesn't need to *prove* that he is young.

A grateful, living warmth diffuses itself throughout his body. He is reconciled with himself and with the fox trot which was the cause of his inner turmoil. That music is beautiful in its way and the words are masterpieces of delicious wisdom, just like honey. Perhaps they are worth the eight hundred thousand dollars.

He goes over the various recent

proofs of his youthful vigor carefully: the long walks, the efforts of body and mind, all experienced with pleasure. He again visualizes the priest saying:

"You have stolen ten years."

And he thinks that after all, it is permitted no one to do that. He remembers a French lady who said to him so many years ago:

"Vous êtes un bon vin; seulement, vous n'avez pas encore le goût de la bouteille."

Ah, but surely now he has acquired the taste of the bottle, one of those bottles lying on its side in the dark of the cellar, not one of those which stands on the sideboard and trembles as soon as the door bangs or the maid sweeps the floor. But only crude palates enjoy the sharpness of new wine which is like the twang of the banjo. He would express the wine from the bottles in the cellar in the rich chords of a Stradivarius; it is a joy to epicures. Cobwebs adorn those bottles like grey hairs on a head *still* young.

He feels like laughing, but his ideas are becoming confused. He

thinks of a woman who attracts him and once more he hears the brook confessing itself to the moon.

In the morning he breakfasts in the garden with his son while the others are still sleeping. He has arisen early, alert in mind and body and dressed and shaved carefully. He knows now that what happened last night is important, that it marks a turning point and that he must change his way of living; but he feels no regret.

The son looks as if he had just tumbled out of bed. His hair is mussed and his eyes are slightly swollen with insufficient sleep, like a baby's. His Father looks at him, contemplating him lovingly. He is satisfied with him and not dissatisfied with himself. In him he sees his past and in himself his future. The son stirs restlessly under his Father's prolonged scrutiny and turning, asks:

"What's the matter, Father?"

"Yes! We have no bananas," he answers and laughs heartily.

From the top of the pear tree the song of the lark is heard once more.

—G. A. BORGESE

PESSIMISTIC BUT PRECISE

A SENTIMENTAL lady once asked the novelist Henry James: "Mr. James, what is life?" James replied:

"Madame—life is—life is the predicament that precludes death."

—LEE BARFIELD

THE FRONT PAGE

A QUIZ FOR WOULD-BE NEWSPAPER EDITORS:
TO BE WRITTEN IN TRADITIONAL BLUE PENCIL



YOUR familiarity with matters journalistic is at issue here. You probably read your favorite paper every day. That will help you some, but the bulk of these questions call for a fairly well-rounded knowledge of newspaper

lore. Deduct two points for each wrong answer. Check your score against the following standard: 60 or above—fair; 70 or above—good; 80 or above—excellent; 90 or above—exceptional. Answers will be found on page 139.

In each of the following five questions the name of a well-known newspaper is given, followed by the names of five cities. In which of the five cities is the paper published?

1. THE FREE PRESS

- (a) Boston (b) San Francisco
(c) Detroit (d) Dayton, (e)
Milwaukee

2. THE STAR

- (a) Cleveland (b) New York
(c) Kansas City, Kansas (d)
Kansas City, Missouri (e) Dal-
las

3. THE GAZETTE

- (a) Albany (b) Seattle (c) Co-
lumbus (d) Louisville (e) Em-
poria

4. THE PLAIN DEALER

- (a) Annapolis (b) Boston (c)

- Baltimore (d) Los Angeles (e)
Cleveland

5. THE ENQUIRER

- (a) Cincinnati (b) Detroit (c)
Los Angeles (d) Minneapolis
(e) Akron

In each of the following ten questions you are asked to designate the author of the column mentioned.

6. ON THE RECORD

- (a) Hugh S. Johnson (b) Lou-
ella Parsons (c) George Ross
(d) Dorothy Thompson (e)
Damon Runyon

7. THE NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

- (a) Louis Sobol (b) Westbrook
Pegler (c) Lewis Gannett (d)
Edwin C. Hill (e) Paul Mallon

8. THE VOICE OF BROADWAY

(a) Walter Winchell (b) Sidney Skolsky (c) Dorothy Kilgallen (d) Walter Lippmann (e) Arthur "Bugs" Baer

9. THIS DAY IN SCIENCE

(a) Allan Roy Dafoe (b) Raymond Clapper (c) Leonard Lyons (d) Gobind Behari Lal (e) Charles Edison

10. THE CONNING TOWER

(a) Cholly Knickerbocker (b) Franklin Pierce Adams (c) Connie Mack (d) Arthur "Bugs" Baer (e) Clifton Fadiman

11. YOUR BABY

(a) Allan Roy Dafoe (b) Dorothy Dix (c) Margaret Sanger (d) Hugh S. Johnson (e) Angelo Patri

12. LISTEN WORLD!

(a) Hedda Hopper (b) Elsie Robinson (c) Jimmy Fidler (d) Eleanor Roosevelt (e) Raymond Gram Swing

13. THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS

(a) F. P. A. (b) Paul Mallon (c) Edwin C. Hill (d) Drew Pearson (e) Walter Lippmann

14. SPORTS OF THE TIMES

(a) Damon Runyon (b) Westbrook Pegler (c) Jack Kieran (d) John Kieran (e) Ed Sullivan

15. THE SMART SET

(a) Lucius Beebe (b) Cholly

Knickerbocker (c) George Jean Nathan (d) Elsa Maxwell (e) Peter Arno

Designate the newspaper in which each of the following five cartoonists is published:

16. J. N. ("Ding") Darling

(a) Philadelphia Bulletin (b) Philadelphia News (c) New York Herald-Tribune (d) New York Post (e) Chicago Daily News

17. Edmund Duffy

(a) Cleveland Press (b) Christian Science Monitor (c) Boston Transcript (d) New York Mirror (e) Baltimore Sun

18. C. D. Batchelor

(a) New York News (b) Pittsburgh Post-Gazette (c) Chicago Daily Times (d) Detroit Free Press (e) Los Angeles Examiner

19. David Low

(a) Manchester Guardian (b) New York Sun (c) Philadelphia Record (d) London Evening Standard (e) Minneapolis Tribune

20. D. R. Fitzpatrick

(a) St. Louis Post-Dispatch (b) Philadelphia Legal Intelligencer (c) New York World-Telegram (d) Cleveland News (e) Pittsburgh Press

Following is a list of ten comic

strips. After the name of each there is a group of five characters, four of whom romp through that strip. The fifth, or wrong one, is the one to catch.

21. Dick Tracy
(a) Stooze Viller (b) Nick Gatt (c) Tess Trueheart (d) Pat (e) Junior
22. Blondie
(a) Baby Dumpling (b) Dagwood Bumstead (c) Bubbles (d) Mr. Dithers (e) Woodley
23. Thimble Theater
(a) Joe Palooka (b) Wimpy (c) Olive Oyl (d) Popeye (e) Alice the Goon
24. Bringing Up Father
(a) Dinty (b) Maggie (c) Rosie (d) Maizie (e) Jiggs
25. Bunky
(a) Fagin (b) Bunker (c) Mrs. Bunker (d) Friszby (e) Barney Google
26. The Gumps
(a) Chester (b) Baby (c) Emma (d) Tilda (e) Hortense Fleecer
27. Winnie Winkle
(a) Walt (b) Rip (c) Perry (d) Bill (e) Nick
28. Smilin' Jack
(a) Fat Stuff (b) Downwind (c) Dixie Dugan (d) The Head (e) Mary
29. Tillie the Toiler
(a) Bubbles (b) Mac (c) Mr. Simpkins (d) Dick (e) Herbie
30. Terry and the Pirates

- (a) Normandie (b) Daisy Mae (c) Cheery (d) Burma (e) Singh Singh

Here are ten words or phrases that belong to the jargon of newspaper men. Three definitions follow each one. Select the correct definition.

31. Bulldog
(a) The edition that carries heaviest advertising (b) Affectionate term for a city editor (c) Early edition for transportation to distant points
32. Boilerplate
(a) A stereotype furnished by news agencies (b) Scrapped type from yesterday's paper (c) Part of a flat-bed press
33. Masthead
(a) A semi-retired newspaper publisher (b) A newspaper's table of contents (c) Matter in every issue stating title, management, subscription rates, etc.
34. Lead
(a) Article with a by-line (b) Opening paragraph of a newspaper article (c) Main headline on the front page
35. Cheesecake
(a) News photos emphasizing sex appeal (b) Short articles on freakish subjects (c) Fashion articles
36. Streamer
(a) Tabulated column, as of

stock prices, weather reports, etc. (b) A headline that runs the full width of the page (c) Double page advertising spread

37. Ears

(a) Roving reporters or legmen (b) Men at the copy desk (c) Small boxes at the sides of the title of a newspaper

38. Cut-Lines

(a) Deleted portions of articles (b) Descriptive material for an illustration (c) Sentences in articles that carry over to another page

39. Mat

(a) A papier-mâché impression of type (b) The layout of each page (c) Newspaper proofs

40. Fudging the News

(a) Inaccurate reporting in which the facts are garbled (b) Omission of indelicacies in the news (c) Last minute insertion of late news on the front page

In each of the following ten questions the names of five individuals, living or dead, are given. Which of these names is or has been associated with journalism in some connection or other?

41. (a) Alexander Winchell (b) Paul Lawrence Dunbar (c) Daniel Roper (d) Walter Durranty (e) Joseph Eastman

42. (a) George Curtis (b) William Taylor Adams (c) Winfield Scott (d) Charles Beard (e) Horace Greeley

43. (a) Richard Brinsley Sheridan (b) Daniel Defoe (c) Ben Jonson (d) William Dean Howells (e) William A. Craigie

44. (a) Adolf Ochs (b) Stephen Babcock (c) Babette Deutsch (d) Mary Beard (e) Thomas Becket

45. (a) Samuel Hoare (b) Olive Schreiner (c) Richard Harding Davis (d) Robert Salisbury (e) Cecil Rhodes

46. (a) Alfred Austin (b) Amy Lowell (c) James Cagney (d) Beatrice Fairfax (e) Richard Cromwell

47. (a) Reginald Gardiner (b) Vincent Sheean (c) Nat Lewis (d) Frank Lloyd Wright (e) Cyrus McCormick

48. (a) Richard Aldington (b) Stanford White (c) William Morris (d) Henry Adams (e) Samuel Clemens

49. (a) Honus Wagner (b) William Allen White (c) Horton Smith (d) Richard Sherman (e) Thurman Arnold

50. (a) Jacques Louis David (b) George Rector (c) Honoré Daumier (d) Louis Jacques Daguerre (e) Edmund Rosstand

MARK TWAIN, STEAMBOAT PILOT

HE WAS NO GREAT SHAKES AT THE WHEEL, SAY
ALL THE RIVERMEN—WITH ONE EXCEPTION



THE River gave Sam Clemens his pen name—Mark Twain—for all eternity. His place as a literary genius is secure; his standing as a steamboat pilot is for thousands of Americans still uncertain, fogged by conflicting opinion. Out on the Mississippi and her tributaries where Sam Clemens once stood his watch in the pilot house, steamboat-men have been declaring, to these many years and with astounding unanimity, that he was no great shakes as a pilot. They claim that he was a clever four-flusher. That the bulk of the material that went into that fine epic of piloting *Life on the Mississippi* was more Horace Bixby than Sam Clemens.

Mark, so the story goes, learned the river at Bixby's elbow. As a clever reporter he was able to "take down" dope on the exact science of piloting and put it between the covers of a book. Without Bixby, therefore, he would not have been able, as you may well

say, to turn a wheel. As for being a "crack" pilot in his own right—ask any experienced river man you chance to meet and you will likely be answered with profane hootings.

And that's a strange thing to me. One wonders why the river fraternity resent Mark. Sam Clemens—he took his nom de plume from the two-fathom call of the leadsmen sounding Ole Miss' channel—said a hundred times that he was happier toiling at the wheel of a Mississippi steamboat than in any other profession he ever engaged in—even that of writing books. On the simple assumption, then, that a man does best the work he likes best, Sam Clemens should have been a corking knight of the tiller even as the redoubtable Bixby — his boss, whom he idolized—was a lightning pilot.

Yet the legend persists. I found it as prevalent as summer complaint several years ago when I

was traveling up and down the rivers gathering material that later went into a volume of Mississippi steamboating. A newer breed of pilots that knew not Twain and Bixby has sprung up to steer the modern river traffic. But even yet you are likely to encounter, anywhere from Cincinnati and St. Louis on down to New Orleans, marked traces of that traditional antagonism to the man who did more than any other to put the high science of steamboat piloting on the map.

I should know; I fell a victim to the belief myself for a time. For I had talked with dozens of old pilots, mates, captains and steamboat builders who knew Bixby in his last days, or who knew Mark slightly, or "knew about" both of them. As to Horace Bixby there is no dissenting voice. He remains a veritable Palladian — the pilots' hero, top of the profession. But not one of the men I talked to would concede that this "literary chap" (Twain) had, if anything, more than a mere superficial knowledge of piloting for all that he may have got his license—with one exception. That one exception, however — Captain Walter Blair of Davenport, Iowa—says, and follows it with an exclamation point, that Mark Twain was a

pilot and a damned fine one, and adduces irrefutable evidence to back up his statement.

★ ★ ★

You haven't forgotten your *Life on the Mississippi*, I trust. Many claim it is Twain's most revealing work—the record of one boy's ambition to be a steamboat pilot in the day when pilots were the kingpins of the American Midlands: monarchs in their way, beyond the reach of laws that govern mere humans. On a spring day in 1857, you recall, Sam Clemens, slender, twenty-two, with a keen eye and pleasant drawl, came up into the pilot house of the tubby little side-paddler *Paul Jones*. She was about to leave New Orleans for St. Louis. Horace Bixby was at the wheel— young pilot Bixby then—and Sam importuned him for a cub pilot's berth.

Bixby told about it long afterwards, in 1912, in the white winter of his age and after Mark's death.

"Sam agreed to pay me \$500 to 'learn him the river.' That was to come out of his first wages after 'graduation.' He paid me the first hundred all right on the barrel head, first pay day. I didn't rush him about the balance. And it was three years before I got another payment. Sam and I were run-

ning a boat together, then in partnership; he gave me a couple of hundred more. The balance? Still owing! But, as the Irishman said, 'I forgive him the debt: thot's all right.' "

That first association with Bixby ushered in the "four sunlit years," as the biographer Albert Bigelow Paine tells it, which represented Mark's entire river career. It was a time he never forgot; the river left its mark indelibly upon his heart and mind. Long, long afterwards when he had turned his back upon the river and all the literary world had its eyes upon him, he reverted over and over again to his piloting years with nostalgic yearnings. Those years of the late 'Fifties were America's era of expansion. The world was traveling on the rivers on board the ornate giant white packets with their heaven-kissing stacks and tiers of flashing decks. Two thousand such boats then plied the rivers of the Mississippi System. At the wheel of any one of a number of fine Lower River boats, you might have seen young Sam Clemens in those days;—on the *Pennsylvania* (which blew up and killed his younger brother Henry Clemens), the *Alex Scott*, the *A. B. Chambers*, and the *A. T. Lacy*, among others.

But the Civil War broke out. Through traffic ended on the Yankee-blockaded Mississippi. Sam regretfully left the boats, joined up with a volunteer Confederate military unit, deserted even while on his way to support Governor Claiborne Jackson, drifted into other pursuits in the far West, and finally wound up as an author with an international reputation living in Connecticut among the "other rocks of New England."

In 1882, wanting to look up his old friends and see how steamboating was getting along without him, Mark played his famous "return engagement" on the rivers. He spent a number of delightful weeks traveling with Dudley Warner, George Cable, Marse Henry Watterson, young Opie Read and some other friends on the old *Kate Adams* and the *J. M. White* and the *City of Baton Rouge*. On the last named boat his old boss, Bixby, was master. In New Orleans the visit of the "author-pilot" was celebrated characteristically by a then little known columnist named Lafcadio Hearn on the *New Orleans Item*:

... Because there came to us an illustrious visitor who reminded us of these things; having once himself turned the pilot's wheel through weird starlight or magical moonlight . . .

Today his name is a household word in the English-speaking world. His thoughts have been translated into other tongues. . . . But there is still something of the pilot's cheery manner and keenness of the pilot's glance in his eyes, and a looking out and afar off, as of a man who of old was wont to peer into the darkness of starless nights with the care of a hundred lives on his hands. . . .

Now that he is in New Orleans one cannot help wondering whether his heart does not prompt him to go back to watch the white boats panting at the wharves and listen to their steam cries of joyous welcome or farewell, and to dream of nights beautiful, silver blue and silent, and of the great southern moon peering into the pilot house.

★ ★ ★

Considerably less than a year has elapsed as I write this page since I sat talking about Twain with Captain Walter Blair on the verandah of his home in Davenport. It was early fall. The Captain has built his house so that he can see a mile of river in two directions.

"Listen. I'll tell you about Mark Twain," he said when I told him the reason for my visit. "Every pilot that has read *Life on the Mississippi* is jealous of Mark. They all wish they could have done it. When Mark lectured here in Davenport in 1885 with George Cable, I made it a point to talk with

him. That was more than fifty years ago; I was then piloting the *J. W. Mills* and I had read everything that Mark had written. Away back in 'Seventy-eight he'd brought out a little paper-back volume called *Old Times on the Mississippi*. Later on, in 'Eighty-four I believe, he'd published his amplified book *Life on the Mississippi*. After I read it I wrote him a letter saying what a fine authentic book I thought it was, and Livy (that's what he always called his wife) wrote back and said Sam was on a lecture tour. So it was a lucky chance that my boat was in port that night when he lectured here.

"After the lecture I walked backstage and collided, in the wings, with George Cable. 'Go on back and speak to Sam,' he said, 'He's right over there and he'll be glad to talk to a river man.'

"Mark was sitting in an undertaker's chair, resting after his lecture. He looked dog tired. His big mustache was drooping. I walked up to him.

" 'Hello,' he said, 'who are you?'

" 'My name's of no importance, Captain,' I told him, 'but maybe you'll recognize the handwriting on this letter.' (His eye kind of lighted up and he sort of grinned

when I called him 'Captain.')

"He looked at the letter and drawled: 'That's my wife's handwriting. Now where the devil did you get that?'

"After he'd read it, he made me sit down beside him and began to ask questions. I never saw a man so interested in boats and the river. He wanted to know everything. He asked all about the way we piloted on the Upper River (he was Lower River man, you know); about the changes in the channel around St. Louis, where the Upper and Lower Rivers meet, and about a lot of old time pilots who were still at the wheel.

"And he talked interestingly, too. Any river man could tell that he knew his business. The Lower Mississippi to him must have been an open book just like he wrote that it was. (Later on, I was to have it verified from the lips of the one man who knew positively.)

"When I left, 'My boy,' he said and clapped me on the shoulder, and he was mighty wistful, 'nothing I ever did in my life was as pleasing to me as piloting a steamboat. Goodbye and good luck!'

"Time moved right along after that. I kept up my piloting and bought an interest in various boat lines. I piloted log rafts for Sam Van Sant from the north woods

down to the mills, and then went into excursion boating. In the winter of 1890 I took Mrs. Blair with me down to New Orleans on the fine Anchor Line boat *City of Hickman*. Two of Mark's contemporaries were on that boat: Henry Keith, her master, and good old Henry Partee, one of the best pilots that ever turned a wheel on any river. He'd served with distinction in the Confederate Army and he was standing his watch on the *Hickman* just as game as a boy of twenty!

"We got down as far as Memphis. There Captain Keith showed me a telegram he'd just got saying that another Anchor Liner, the *City of Baton Rouge* was wrecked at Hermitage Landing away on down the river. 'That's Bixby's boat,' Keith told me. 'She's the crack boat of the line. God! I hope there ain't any lives lost!'

"I don't think any boat ever made better time than the *Hickman* on that run down to Hermitage; we showed a clean pair of heels to every boat we passed, and nary a boat passed us. We made it in jig time and there, sure enough, was the *Baton Rouge* wallowing the muddy water and a sorry looking sight she was! Loaded with a couple of hundred bales of cotton and a lot of miscellaneous

freight. Had a big hole snagged in her hull.

"I was up in the *Hickman's* pilot house. One of our pilots was sick and Partee had been standing double watch for a couple days and was about worn out. At last Bixby, the man I most wanted to meet, came aboard. He wasn't a tall man but he had a full beard and was very dignified and gave you the impression that he was large. His hair was rumpled and his eyes were bleary from loss of sleep. He was sick from worry over the wreck of his boat. He hadn't closed his eyes for three nights. But with the courtesy of the old-fashioned pilot, knowing that Partee had been on duty so long, he said: 'Let me take her Henry. You go and catch up on your sleep. You need it.'

"Partee hesitated a minute; then he pointed to me:

"'Well look, Horace, here's that snow digger (meaning an Upper River pilot from the North), Blair. He's a good pilot in his own part of the country and he'll be glad to act as your steersman. You can sit right back there on the bench and boss the job!'

"Bixby turned to me and shook hands. 'That would be kind of you,' he said, 'but you're on vacation. Would you mind doing it?'

"You can believe me, I jumped at the chance. I wanted to talk to Bixby although he didn't seem to be able to think of anything much but his fine boat lying there helpless alongside us. I went down to the cabin and explained the situation to Mrs. Blair. Then came back up and took the wheel. Bixby sat back on the bench and relaxed a little.

"This part of the river was strange to me. I had been south only once or twice before and never 'professionally.' But I found that I knew how to steer a big Lower River packet just as well as the little *J. W. Mills* up home. And with the finest pilot on the rivers sitting there to explain the channel to me—why it was just like getting money from home!

"As we talked along on various subjects, Bixby finally got his mind a little bit off his worries. At last I introduced the name of Sam Clemens. I said:

"'Captain, I wish you would tell me something. Regardless of Sam Clemens' ability as a writer, what kind of pilot was he? You know how the other river men speak of him—that he didn't know his job. I believe you have told some of these newspaper reporters that he was pretty good as a steersman. Well, you probably felt that

you had to say that about him for publication, now that he's famous. But as one pilot to another—between you and me — just how would you rate Sam as a steamboat pilot?"

"'Let me tell you something, Blair,' he answered, 'Sam Clemens (I never call him anything else) was a first rate pilot. Make no mistake about it. I learned him the river; I know. And I don't think in the whole four years he was steamboating he ever had a serious accident. If he'd stayed longer he would have been one of the great pilots of all time. He had all the qualities that a good pilot should have—nerve and a fine memory and the ability to catch on quickly. A pilot's got to have those traits. And he was a good talker, too, and as fine a companion as any man riding the river.'

"'You know he tells in his book about the way I used to have to cuss him out for being so dumb. Well, he exaggerated that some, to make good reading. But that's no crime. He knew his river and he loved to steer a fine boat. And don't let any of these other pilots fool you and try to tell you different.'"

Captain Blair leaned over and picked up his field glasses from the

porch table. He sighted at a big tow of barges plodding by convoyed by a laboring, noisy towboat.

"That's the *C. C. Webber* coming from the Twin Cities," he explained. After a moment he added: "So you see all this antagonism to Mark Twain in pilot circles is nothing in the world but plain everyday jealousy. There never was another pilot on the Rivers who could have written a book like *Life on the Mississippi*. If there was he'd have too damn much sense to remain a pilot. I know. I've been a pilot all my life."

—GARNETT LAIDLAW ESKEW

RECLINING VENUS

Ceramic Statuette by Gerhard Henning

"Royal Copenhagen" is the mark of one of the world's great porcelains. In the celebrated manufactory in Denmark's chief city, patient men keep alive the tradition of one of the most intricate of arts. Here the artist combines his talent with the skills of the chemist, the painter, the glazer, the heating technician. One of the great names inevitably associated with Royal Copenhagen is that of Gerhard Henning, who started with the manufactory in 1909 and devoted himself to the task of capturing the precise tones of human flesh in small porcelains. Fairy tales and Oriental legends are his main subjects, with occasionally an exquisite single figure such as that which appears on the facing double spread.

Overleaf: MUSEUM VISITOR

Lithograph by Laurence Beall Smith

COURTESY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS



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"Museum Visitor"

Lawrence Beall Smith's

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STRICTLY COMMERCIAL

ASSUMING THAT THE KIDDIES' FAVORITES
DECIDED TO PICK UP SOME LOOSE CHANGE



THE THREE BEARS

"WOOF, woof! Who ate our porridge? Don't judge us harshly for getting peeved at Goldyllocks for stealing our porridge. You'd growl too if someone stole your Bingham's Barley. Whether it comes in a little bowl, a medium-sized bowl, or a big bowl, Bingham's Barley is always our favorite porridge."

CINDERELLA

"Of course we girls like to be the life of the party, and take it from me, the Prince wouldn't have given me a tumble if it hadn't been for my Good Fairy Glass Slippers. Good Fairy Glass Slippers for me every time."

JACK AND JILL

"Nowadays it isn't necessary to go up a hill to fetch a pail of water, and break your crown. Tonkey's Brass Plumbing makes all that a thing of the past. Now we just sit in our house, and turn on the water when we need it. Tonkey's rustless pipes keep our

water as clean as a whistle."

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

"I've learned my lesson. My cupboard is no longer bare. When my dog is hungry I go to the cupboard and fetch him Carson's Canine Chew, the Dish for Delighted Dogs. My doggie has plenty of it every time he wants it."

JACK

"How did I grow a beanstalk that reached the sky? That was easy. When I plant, I always use Selby's Seeds. If you want to conquer giants, you can reach them with beanstalks grown from Selby's Seeds."

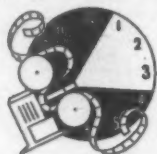
THE (FORMER) TEN O'CLOCK SCHOLAR

"My friends used to call me the ten-o'clock scholar. They even used to claim that I never got to school until noon. I was the butt of countless jests. Well, that's all past now. I'm at school right on the dot these days. The Ear-Splitter Alarm Clock never fails me."

—PARKE CUMMINGS

A MAN IN SHORTS

PETE SMITH OMITTS THE KITCHEN SINK BUT
PACKS EVERYTHING ELSE INTO HIS FILMS



ONCE, about a dozen years ago, Pete Smith was a publicity man famous in his craft for such space-grabbing gags as the trial of Robin Hood Douglas Fairbanks for shooting an arrow out of a hotel window into a Boston tailor. Naturally, the publicity man had a lot of friends among newspaper folk, and when sound came into the picture business, and commentators were needed, he knew some sports writers who became news-reel talkers. One day a pal of Pete's, expert on football, fell sick and was unable to complete his assignment. Pete went in to pinch hit. As the reel was run off, there was a spot where a player was seen coming to a sudden stop. "Put some screeching brakes under it," suggested Pete Smith, and when the effect was uncorked in the theatres, belly-laughter was universal. So the Pete Smith school of sport-comment was established.

Mr. Pete Smith, ex-publicity man, has for several years con-

sistently produced the best novel-ties in the field of motion picture short subjects. Some of his one-reelers have made more money than successful full-length features. That's how Hollywood knows he's good. On the other hand, long-cheeked esthetes of the cinema have gone so far as to include many of Smith's nimble-witted efforts in the august ranks of documentary films. Pete Smith professes not to know what a documentary is.

He does know how to make shorts that are entertaining, informative, memorable, and that sell. When the Pete Smith brand is flashed on the screen, a sigh of relaxed anticipation, of the sort that greets a Mickey Mouse announcement, may be heard in the theatres. Yet Smith has not standardized his product. Fitzpatrick sticks to travelogues, and Grantland Rice sticks to sports; but Pete Smith has gone from sport oddities through undersea travel

to cooking and house-cleaning for subject material. What brands his shorts is the gag approach.

Dozens of other commentators have passed out of pictures, after attempting to gag up standard material. Because gag-talk seems a cheap and easy way to make any reel salable, Pete Smith's particular branch of the industry is more crowded than the souvenir-selling business at a world's fair. Anyone who can lay his hands on some unused footage of fires, parades, or sporting events may string the material together with a gag commentary, and attempt to sell the result as a short subject. And almost anybody does. A few thousand, sometimes even a few hundred dollars in cash and the rest on the cuff, may finance such a venture, for the short end of the picture business is still the one field where the man with an idea but practically no cash may hope to scramble into the business. A few persistent independent operators manage to pick up a living in that field; though most of the well-known short subject producers work for or through the big studios.

Pete Smith does not discourage commentator competition. In fact, he welcomes ideas from outside. At one time he ran a nationwide contest to get amateurs to make

one-reel films on their narrow-gage cameras, with the promise of purchase and professional re-making for the best featurettes. The results, he regrets to report, were disappointing. It seemed that 100,000 amateurs all had the same idea: to take pictures of grandma knitting.

However, it was an amateur—the one who inspired the contest—that brought Pete Smith the subject for his favorite short, *Wanted, a Master*. That pathetic little masterpiece, showing a mongrel street-puppy following one person after another, trying to get himself adopted, was originally made on an amateur reel. Smith bought it and made it over, using a dog procured from the city pound as star actor. Then, of course, he wrote and spoke the tenderly witty commentary, making the film one of the most successful in the history of shorts. If an amateur could bring him such an idea, he thought there ought to be a mine of material among the 16 mm. camera fans. Hence, the contest, conducted by a national weekly. The results, however, were not worth while.

So Pete Smith continued to think up his own ideas. Dogs and babies, he points out, are always sure fire. He has gone from sport

novelties, such as the one about hunting coyotes by airplane, through insect life and fish life and dog life and baby life, and his experience has taught him one thing: the belly laugh is of paramount importance. No matter how educational or beautiful the material, the belly laugh consistently wins. Pete Smith believes that the short subject must supply the comedy-relief in the motion picture program; feature pictures, taken as a whole, need this peppery type of hors d'oeuvre.

With approximately 700 short subjects released annually, and most of the nation's theatres still on the double-feature system, the one-reel film has to pack an extraordinary amount of entertainment in order to force itself onto a bill. Pete Smith's tendency has been to depend more and more on a sort of sophisticated slapstick, a type of self-kidding for the films, as exemplified in the auto-brake soundtrack for the sliding football player. Often, Smith says "ouch" after uttering a not-so-hot pun, in this same self-kidding style.

But this sophistication of slapstick is not the only secret of his success. Most of Smith's featurettes contain an informational or educational element, in addition to gags. And, in his more recent

pieces, the information is of a practical, and universally useful nature. For example, *Let's Talk Turkey*, a short subject on the art of carving at the table, while it afforded plenty of opportunity for the broadest kind of hokum—such as the repeated gag of having the meat scoot off the plate, nevertheless illustrated the salient principles of this necessary household art. The cooking lesson shorts are, of course, obviously useful; even a release on bowling, illustrating the amateur approach to the game, as well as the fancy tricks of professionals, has its utility.

In his predilection for the short novelty, and the slapstick gag, Pete Smith of course goes back to very first fundamentals of movie making. That he has the pristine sense of comedy-novelty is attested by his greatest success—a one reel film that holds the record for money-making shorts, having grossed over \$300,000 to date, even topping the take on Disney's *Three Little Pigs*.

Smith's record-making reel was the three-dimensional-effect novelty released a few years ago, an effort in Audioscopes; it had to be viewed through special colored glasses, distributed in the theatres. The subject matter of this film was selected for precisely the same as-

tonishment-effect as the subject matter of the very earliest experiments in cinematography; those early films showed trains charging directly at the spectators. Pete Smith's Audioscopic showed balls being hurled apparently right out of the screen at the audience. And, as in the early Edison days, audiences ducked.

Following precisely in the footsteps of early film experiments, Pete Smith is now making the second step with Audioscopic: he progresses from an agglomeration of purely technical tricks to a little comedy in which the story provides opportunity for a series of trick effects. Similarly, early films after showing such wonders as people walking upside down, or floating through the air, put the same wonders into stories of nightmares or comedies of drunks. And Pete Smith's second effort with the Audioscope is a little comedy about a haunted house. It is easy enough to imagine the opportunities for primitive humor that this subject will afford. Progress, it seems, always takes the same route.

Pete Smith is convinced that the one and two reel comedies are bound to regain their place on every movie program. The double feature must pass: neither theatre owners nor audiences want it.

Every audience poll has shown a preference for single features plus shorts, Smith contends; the double-bills remain only because independent theatre owners and chain owners can't take a concerted step to abolish them. Each accuses the other of having started the nuisance; each refuses to drop it until the other has already done so.

In Texas and several other Southern states, however, large theatre-chains have re-established the single feature, successfully, and there the short has come back to its own. One group of Texas theatres has even instituted an all-shorts night, on Monday, worst of theatre nights. And Monday attendance was boosted from ten to twenty-five per cent by the novelty program.

In cost and profit, the one-reelers run in fair proportion to the full-length film. A reel may cost as little as \$5,000, though the average budget is from \$20,000 to \$30,000, some going as high as \$50,000. A good take is around \$35,000, which gives an excellent margin of profit; the more expensive reels are of course designed for a heavier gross. Pete Smith's items are in the upper middle class, as far as expenditure goes, and the profit is consistently good. The ex-publicity man thinks

he has found the ideal existence. He doesn't want to make full-length features. "I can't stay interested in anything that long," he claims. "Variety is my meat. Sometimes I think even a short takes too long to make."

Pete Smith turns out an average of one short a month. Scripts are readied by his assistants, usually from Pete Smith ideas. After some four weeks of preparation, in which minute attention is given to the timing of gags, the material goes to the director. Many feature-film directors, such as the younger Jacques Tourneur and Leslie Fenton, got their start on Pete Smith shorts.

A reel usually is shot in three or four days, with Pete Smith invariably absent from the set. He rarely sets foot on the lot, considering himself strictly an idea and desk man. When the filming is finished he adds the commentary. Then each reel is previewed; this is an uncommon refinement, for shorts, but Pete Smith tests audience reaction to the gags, in their previews, and unless the laughs come thick enough and long enough, the pieces are taken back for repairs.

There is one more reason for the constant success of Pete Smith shorts. The onetime publicity and

promotion man never selects a subject in which he cannot see a promotion angle. For instance, the cooking tieups, through the Prudence Penny columns in the newspapers, through markets and through stove companies and gas companies, are universal. When Smith's bowling novelty was released, posters and promotional material came voluntarily from bowling alley manufacturers. His comedy of meat carving was taken quite seriously by the Chicago Meat Board of Trade, which unleashed a heavy publicity campaign for the film. An item such as his *Modelling for Money* was accompanied by beauty contests for models, in almost every city where it was shown.

A final refinement characterizes the Pete Smith production method. Something of a hypochondriac, Smith is to be found, before and after the completion of each reel, stretched on the sands at Palm Springs or some other resort, and he is always either breaking a cold, or building up his resistance to a cold, or preventing the coming of a cold. When none of these excuses seem convincing, he will explain that he is recovering from a cold. That seems to be his routine for getting ideas.

—MARTIN LEWIS

THE ART OF THE PIPE

EVERY ACTIVITY INVOLVED IN PIPE SMOKING
SERVES TO CALM, TO SOOTHE AND TO COMFORT



IF THERE lived only one man who had tried to find contentment with a tobacco pipe and failed, there would be sufficient reason for writing this article. Such a man would be needlessly missing out on one of the truly great joys of living. But there is a staggering number of such men—you see them wherever smokers meet—who because of misinformation or bad starts have been disappointed in pipe smoking and have given it up.

The first step in appreciating a pipe is to understand its nature. Like an exquisite piece of furniture, a fine car, or a sword, the pipe has the personality of a permanent thing. It demands to be noticed. Care and attention are an integral part of its charm. You don't throw your pipe away after every smoke; you keep it with you as a friend and get solace from it in troublous hours. And the more work you put in on it the more intimately is it your own property.

For those who demand a moment's effortless satisfaction, without preparation or retrospection, there is the ever-ready cigarette. The advocate of institutional good form has the impressive cigar. But the man who asks no quarter of custom or style, who believes that permanency is an ingredient of happiness, will look to his pipe.

There are a few simple do's and don'ts about the care of a pipe that will get you over the breaking-in difficulty and insure lasting pleasure.

First of all, select a good pipe. The neophyte is in no position to be a bargain hunter. Choose a pipe that is made from close-grained briar, properly sweated so that it comes to you sapless and without odor. I speak of the briar pipe because it is by far the most popular type and the most satisfactory for everyday smoking.

Take your time in selecting your pipe. Pipe salesmen are the chummiest and most tolerant of men,

and should have been commemorated in the world's great literature long before this. A light weight pipe is best at first until you get used to the feel of it. A stem with a wide flat lip piece is easiest to hold in the teeth.

Learn as much about pipes as possible but don't let the salesman know how smart you are. Some smokers try to show off their meagre store of knowledge and are treated accordingly. Vanity and front have no place in a pipe store. But having won the salesman's confidence by pretending absolute humility, you will learn many things about pipes that will enhance your smoking pleasure.

When a pipe is used for the first time, wipe out the bowl and moisten it with your finger before filling. Light evenly and smoke slowly. The wet tobacco next to the wood will not char the wood but will leave a sooty film that is the beginning of the all-important cake. Some advise honey for this moistening process, but cases have been known where the sugar in the honey (which heats rapidly) has charred the bowl itself.

This breaking-in process, even when done carefully, is likely to be a trying time for your tongue. The heated wood sometimes gives off a disagreeable taste in spite of

every precaution. But it won't last forever. Only half-fill your new pipe for the first few smokes. A friend of mine solved the difficulty by putting his pipe on an outside window sill, where the breeze did the smoking.

Ashes may be left in a new pipe until it cools, to let the wood absorb more liquid residue.

The cake should be even but never so thick that it nearly closes the bowl. The carbon of the cake is a good non-conductor of heat and a good absorber of moisture, but too much carbon is dangerous. In cool air the wood will have a tendency to contract around this rigid ring of carbon and crack.

After the carbon is well started, clean out your pipe immediately after each smoke. Allow it to dry before using it again. With too frequent smokings the less tasty juices of the tobacco have no chance to evaporate. Keeping the pipe clean is a prime necessity, especially the wooden shank that comes out from the bowl. Here is where most of the acrid oils accumulate in the distillation of tobacco. Steam forced through the bowl and out the stem is a first rate cleaner. But the ready-made pipe sweeteners and cleaners on the market are the easiest to apply.

Don't worry if the first pipeful

you smoke makes you "deathly sick." Uncle Joe always tells the story of how he sneaked his first smoke behind the barn on his father's old briar that was "strong enough to walk." It made Joe ill. But then, when questioned closely, Joe will confess that he felt slightly off-feed after several first attempts at other things, like ice-skating, dancing, mountain climbing and horseback riding.

Anti-tobacco enthusiasts use this beginner's nausea as additional proof that tobacco is harmful. Their common error is in failing to distinguish between the abuse and use of tobacco. Without going into the old fight about tobacco and its effects, it is enough for the smoker to know that it has never been scientifically proved that the *moderate* use of tobacco has any particularly harmful effects, except in cases where the individual is constitutionally unfitted for smoking, as some men are for eating strawberries.

The soothing effects of tobacco on the nerves are probably its most valuable property. Especially in pipe smoking is this true, where the time and care required in filling the pipe and the slow smoking tempo necessary for enjoyment act as a check on individual haste. Many smokers fail to enjoy a pipe

because they smoke it at the wrong time. With the exception of a few old timers who can smoke the strongest tobacco made all day long, a man enjoys his pipe best when he smokes it after exertion, not before. Never is a pipe so comforting as it is after a strenuous day's work, when the smoker can give his whole attention to the taste of the tobacco, the rhythm of puffing, the comfort of slowly ascending smoke. Every activity connected with pipe smoking inherently calms, soothes, and composes. It is as untimely to smoke a pipe before or during prolonged excitement as it is to bank a fire before trying to get up steam. Those who think the pipe too cumbersome or too slow for a streamlined age should understand that the pipe is one of the few things left that encourage the harassed modern to take his time.

The pipe is a symbol of peace. From its primitive beginnings as a mound of earth with a draw-hole in it, down through the bamboo and basket pipes of Borneo and India, the pipe has been designed for rest. Men found it difficult to smoke this way and fight—and they preferred to smoke.

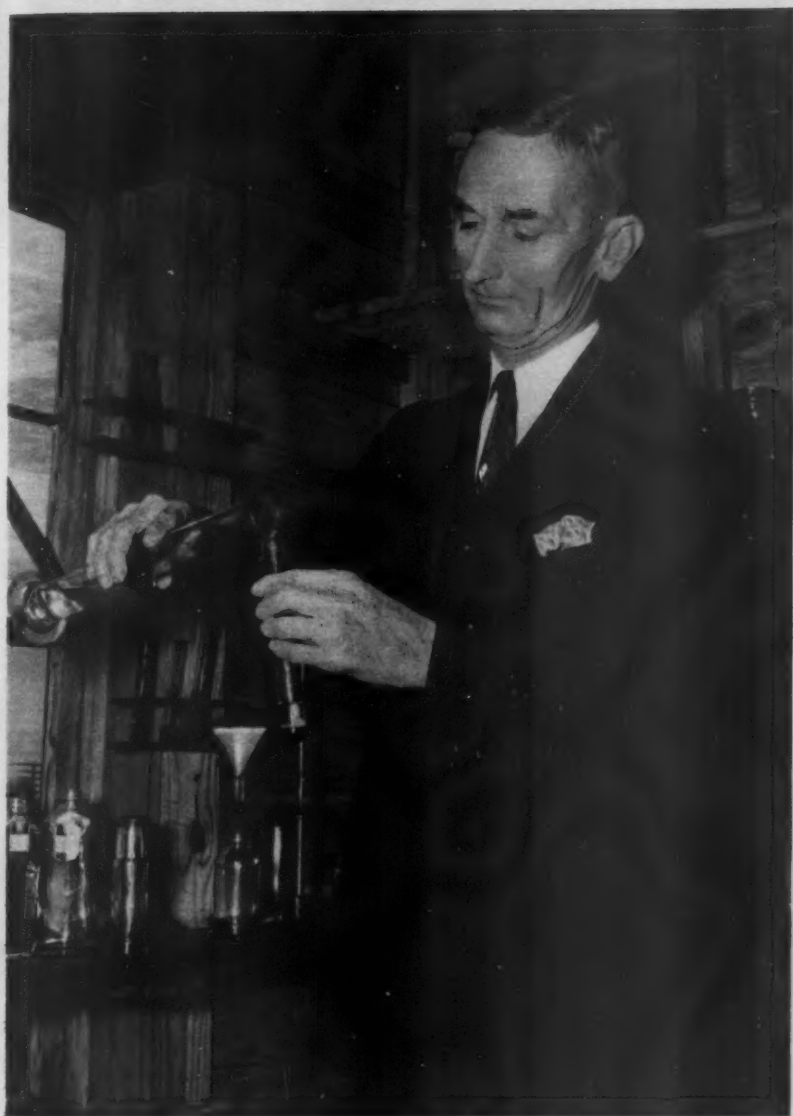
Go ye therefore in like manner, in peace and in smoke.

—THOMAS E. BYRNES

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

CHARLES G. ROOK

THE word chemurgy hasn't yet found its way into your dictionary, although a Chemurgic Congress has convened and thousands of farmers are turning to this branch of science to cold-compress their agricultural headaches. Chemurgy is the means by which hitherto useless raw materials are made useful with the aid of chemistry. Charles G. Rook is an active chemurgist. From a Texas weed pest he obtained a fiber with more tensile strength than jute: it can be made into hats and a number of flexible plastics. In his little laboratory, Rook cooked the seeds from this noxious plant into a thick, jelly-like substance: a spreading and drying agent for paints. He processed castor bean plants: foundation for a paper stock. He wheeled barrowfuls of common field daisies into his workshed: a fragrant solution suitable for perfumes. His most widely discussed experiment is the development of a wall board and insulating "wool" of commercial value from waste cotton stalks and an apparently worthless white sand abundant in New Mexico. The sand he found to be primarily calcium sulfate, or gypsum, and when compounded with cotton burrs and stalks became heat and fire resistant. Born on a Mississippi plantation, Rook worked farms to pay his way through college. He operates an insecticide business, tends a test farm plot which supplies more grist for his bustling experimental mill.



DOWNER

CHARLES G. ROOK

MAY, 1940



FRANK WILLIAMS

SHIRLEY FRIEND

WHO IS RECORDING ON CANVAS THE RECIPE OF THE MELTING POT

OBSERVING the tots that throng the Hull House, crossroads of Chicago's foreign settlement, Shirley Friend saw them as more than an assortment of cute kids: here were the forebears of what would some day be the American race, the original ingredients not yet fused into the ultimate amalgam of the Melting Pot. Miss Friend resolved to transcribe these children to canvas. A dozen urchins

have now been limned, and eventually there will be a hundred or more. To this study, Miss Friend brings all the intuition of the full-fledged artist. Not merely physical characteristics but the innate racial personality, caught in a fleeting expression, becomes part of the record. Staid scientists are watching her work with interest, and a number of museum directors already have spoken for exhibition dates in 1941.



LEONARD HYAMS

FRANK LUTHER

WHOSE MUSICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA TELLS A POIGNANT STORY

BELIEVING that, because emotions are reflected in the lyrics, a nation's songs tell the story of a people more explicitly than history books, Frank Luther adventured all over the United States to dig up forgotten ballads sung by Puritans, forty-niners, cowboys, miners, farmers, hoboes. Several cities plan to use Luther's records in school classes. Students, songwriters, publishers and radio men are con-

stant visitors to Luther's music files which, incidentally, weigh more than four tons. Luther is pretty popular with younger citizens of the land, too, for his *Winnie the Pooh*, *Aesop's Fables* (set to music for the first time), and *Snow White* recordings. He will adapt Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* to music. Luther is the radio singer who taught the last Prince of Wales how to trap drum.



ROBIN CARBON

WILLIAM PROUDFOOT

*WHO WILL TAILOR A
COAT OF ARMS ONLY
FOR THOSE IT FITS*

IN ENGLAND no one may use a coat of arms without proving a right to it and paying five pounds a year. In this country there are no restraints except scrupulous heraldic artists, such as William Proudfoot, leading practitioner of the craft in New York. He won't blot an escutcheon by executing it for ineligible. F. D. Roosevelt and J. P. Morgan are among his clients. He'd have lots more work if he weren't proud of the name that has been identified with heraldic painting for four generations. He received an order to place crests on two autos for a millionaire. "I can't paint this crest for you," Proudfoot protested, "it belongs to the British royal family." "That's all right," he was told, "I'm English." Most crests are for autos these days as escutcheons seem to be out of place in sleek, small modern apartments. But Proudfoot says the younger generation is crest-conscious—a lot of young fathers are having crests painted on baby carriages.

FATHER ROSSBACH

*WHO TURNED PRIEST SO
HE COULD DEVOTE HIS
LIFE TO THE MAYANS*

Now spiritual and often temporal head of nearly 100,000 tiny Quiche Indians—only direct descendants of the cultured ancient Mayans — Ildefonso Rossbach first went to Guatemala from Germany in 1888 to bookkeep for his brother's huge coffee plantation. But he soon became more interested in the welfare of the Indians. As a means of devoting himself entirely to them, he journeyed to the United States to study with the Benedictines, and was ordained a priest in 1894. He became an American citizen, remained here until 1907, when his archbishop finally sent him back to his beloved Guatemala. After a few years at Antiqua, the ancient capital, he was allowed to go back into the highlands to live among the Indians. His church is in the fascinating village of Chichicastengo. He greets a stream of visitors from every corner of the globe and collects magnificent Mayan jades in addition to shepherding his picturesque, devout flock.



BOB HURST



6020

EDITH MASON

WHO TRAINS HER GARDEN TO GROW IN QUITE A CONTRARY WAY

TURNING a deaf ear to the hullabaloo about the new vitamin B₁ which makes flowers bigger and bigger, Mrs. Edith Mason reverses customary hybridizing processes to make flowers smaller and smaller. At the International Flower Show in New York she set visitors agog with her midget blooms—wee flowering plants that grow in thimbles and cherry-size bowls. In a tiny silver ash tray she

grouped diminutive sweet clover, a minute red rose and a geranium bud, decorated with pine needles. Her creation of true miniatures smacks of originality and imagination. She has authored a book: *Miniature Flower Arranging*. Mrs. Mason also designs Florida homes for her builder-husband. They have three children and a vast garden. She says she is probably the world's most inefficient housekeeper.

Dictators Die Hard

A SIGNIFICANT CHAPTER IN NAPOLEON'S LIFE,
GLOSSED OVER BY ADMIRING BIOGRAPHERS



IT is hard for a dictator to kill himself. He loves life, he loves glory, authority, power. His physical courage is not usually very strong, but instead he has a great power to delude himself. He can twist a lie into a knot and make it the symbol of a burning issue. And then, at his lowest moment, he suddenly discovers that he has a great mission to fulfill. His strength returns.

If Germany collapsed tomorrow, would Hitler kill himself? He promised he would if the 1923 Munich coup failed. The coup failed, and suddenly he discovered a great mission that he alone could fulfill.

Other dictators have also sworn to die rather than endure defeat, but history records no case of such self-destruction. Ego is greater than the greatest defeat, and not even Napoleon, although for years he carried a sachet of poison on his person, could die by his own hand. But in the moment of

Napoleon's greatest disaster, he did swallow the poison and tried to die. The account of this long night is often glossed over by Napoleon's admiring biographers. It was the night of April 12, 1814.

The terrible disaster of Russia occurred in 1812. A whole army lost. In 1813 followed the defeat at Leipsig. Another army lost. Italy was lost. Germany and Spain also. The Allies were consolidated against him, and Paris surrendered to the invaders in March, 1814. Napoleon fled to Fontainebleau and here received word that his abdication was demanded. Disaster was piled upon disaster. Only ruin was before him.

He had hoped that he might be allowed to resign in favor of his son. He dictated to his secretary: "The allied powers having proclaimed that the emperor Napoleon was the only obstacle to the reestablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oaths, declares that

he is ready to descend from the throne, to leave France and even to give up his life, for the welfare of the country . . ." But this document was not acceptable. An unconditional abdication was demanded.

It was difficult for him to compose the simple words that would renounce for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy. It was not easy to win a throne, and it was hard indeed to give it up. However, he did at last manage to dictate a complete abdication. But he could not bring himself to sign it.

In the evening he went to bed an hour earlier than usual, and he was attended by his valets Hubert and Constant. These personal servants undressed the Emperor and prepared him for bed. He never touched any part of his own clothing, but he allowed his valets to dress or undress him as though he were a helpless child. They tied a cashmere handkerchief around his head, the ends pointing up like rabbit ears, and put him into bed. It was about half-past ten o'clock at night, an hour earlier than he usually went to bed. His valet Hubert slept across the hall and always left the door of the Emperor's bedroom half-open so he could hear his

master if he called. The faithful Constant slept on a little balcony which communicated with the Emperor's chamber by a small concealed staircase. Because of the disturbing events of the past weeks, Constant records that at this time he slept in his clothes so that he could answer his master's call with no delay.

At about midnight Hubert was awakened, and when he ran to the bedside of the Emperor he was ordered to make a fire. The room had grown cold, and the Emperor was unable to sleep. When his task was accomplished, Hubert went back to bed but remained watchful.

Through the half-open doorway, Hubert could see Napoleon get up from his bed. He paced back and forth across the room. Several times he saw him sit down to write a few words on a piece of paper, but he tore the paper and threw the fragments into the fire. It was a difficult thing to renounce the throne of France. And he who had crowned himself Emperor of a good part of Europe was now reduced to . . . What could be the end? And his little son, what would become of him?

From the other room, Hubert watched Napoleon carefully. He saw him go to the dresser and take

out something from his leather dressing case, and this he placed into a glass of water, and he drank it down.

Hubert was suspicious of this act, and sensing a tragedy, he hurried to Constant and woke him up. "The Emperor has dissolved something in a glass and has drunk it down."

Constant was struck with terror. He jumped out of bed and hurried down the little staircase. Hubert went after him. These two faithful servants, violating orders that they were not to enter the room unless they were summoned, made their way into the bedchamber and discovered the Emperor in the agony of a violent convulsion. He was poisoned. There was no doubt about it. They gave the alarm. Hubert ran through the long corridors of the palace waking up those who were asleep with the call, "The Emperor is poisoned!"

Candles in the interior apartments were lighted, and the whole place began to bestir itself with calls and hurried whisperings. The attendants of the chateau ran back and forth. They sent for Doctor Yvan, the Emperor's personal physician; they awoke the Grand Marshal; and someone ran to find the Duke de Bassano. They awoke General Gourgangd, and also the

Emperor's close companion, Caulaincourt. It was Caulaincourt who was the Emperor's companion in that famous ride across Europe when Napoleon abandoned his army in the frosty snows of Russia.

While all this commotion was going on, Constant was attending his master. Napoleon could hardly speak. He was gasping for breath and he said to his faithful valet, "Constant, I am dying! I could not bear the torture any longer, and above all, the humiliation of seeing myself surrounded by foreign agents. They have trailed my eagles through the mire . . ." A convulsive twitching passed over his countenance. His valet watched his face carefully, and the Emperor spoke more about how he had been deserted and forsaken by his old friends.

Constant noticed that on the floor near the chimney were the torn fragments of a little bag that was made of black silk and leather. He knew that the Emperor wore this sachet about his neck when he went into battle, and between the different campaigns he kept this little bag safe in the Emperor's traveling dressing case. But he had not really understood that the bag contained poison. For years he thought it was only a

talisman or something that would ward off harm.

Caulaincourt records that he had been awakened by a loud pounding on his door and told to hurry with all haste to the bedside of the Emperor. He found Napoleon suffering from frightful convulsions, and he seemed on the point of expiring. His lips were tightened, his face was deathly pale, and a cold sweat had plastered his thin hair on his forehead; his eyes had a fixed gaze, a stare that made him shudder. He wanted to question him, but his condition would not allow questioning.

Doctor Yvan was at the bedside, and seeing Caulaincourt, said, "He is lost if he does not drink something. He refuses everything. He must drink even if he does not hold it. In the name of God, get him to drink."

Caulaincourt took the cup of hot tea from the hands of the doctor and offered it to Napoleon. He pushed it aside. He was determined to die, and between gasps he whispered, "Caulaincourt, I confide my wife and my child to your care. Defend my memory. I can no longer bear to live."

Again Caulaincourt tried to persuade him to drink this tea, but again he pushed it away with the words, "Leave me. Leave me."

From all sides he was entreated to drink, and at length, unable to resist the united cries of this excited assembly, the Emperor reached out his hand and took the cup that was held before him. Violent vomiting soon followed, and he fell back exhausted and lifeless on his pillow.

Doctor Yvan was very much upset at the condition of the Emperor, and he kept appealing to those present: "But he must drink again. Unless he keeps on drinking, he is lost."

More of this brew was prepared and held before him, and he was persuaded to drink. And gradually his limbs relaxed and the drawn features of his face smoothed out, and he rested more comfortably.

This crisis lasted two long hours, during which time very few words escaped his mouth. His pain was so great that he kept stuffing a handkerchief into his mouth to muffle any groans. There was a deathly silence in the chamber, now filled with his serving people and those who were most intimate. The lights and shadows of the candles flickered, and there were soft muffled sobs from those who witnessed this scene. Soon he fell asleep, and the room was cleared. Constant and Caulain-

court, however, remained there.

In the meantime, Doctor Yvan lost his head completely. He feared the allies in Paris might charge him, as the personal physician of the Emperor, with having secured the poison for Napoleon. He feared also to remain in Fontainebleau, for if the Emperor died he certainly would be charged with neglect. At any rate, whatever his fears were, he lost his head completely, for he ran out into the stables, and tying a white handkerchief about his arm so that he could safely pass through the lines, he jumped on a horse and fled in the middle of the night to Paris.

When the Emperor finally awoke, Caulaincourt says that his deep-set, weary eyes seemed trying to recognize the objects that surrounded him. A whole world of torture was revealed in this vague and desolate look. "God did not wish it," he said. "I was not able to die."

To this Caulaincourt replied, "Sire, your son and France, where your name will live forever, impose upon you the duty of bearing adversity."

"My son, my son! What a sad heritage I leave him. That baby born a king; today he is without a country. Why wasn't I able to die?" He spoke some more about

France. He felt he had been abandoned, and he said that he did not mind so much the loss of the throne, for his military career was filled with enough glory for one man, and that the reverses of fortune also were not so hard to bear, but there was one thing which tore his heart asunder: "It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude of men, and in the presence of such cowardice I have a horror of living. Death is rest . . . and what I have suffered for these past twenty days cannot be understood."

As he spoke these words, the light of morning was already piercing the curtains of the bedchamber, and the clock on the mantel struck five. A new day was dawning, and the Emperor seemed very much recovered. He had pulled himself together. He was strong enough to rise from his bed and throw back the curtains and let in the light. A new day was before him.

He was strong enough also to dip his pen in that bitter ink and sign the document. His hand was steady as he signed the unconditional abdication. He surrendered the throne of Europe for a life of exile on the little island of Elba. Here once more hope began to fill his heart. —MANUEL KOMROFF

AN INDEX FOR YOUR MEMORY

BEFORE TRYING TO IMPROVE YOUR MEMORY, FIND
OUT WHAT TYPE IT IS BY TAKING THESE TESTS



"I FORGET . . ."

These two words represent the most difficult statement to make in any language. As a matter of fact they are never said in the plain ordinary way humans have of conveying their thoughts. There is always an emotional splurge behind the phrase; sometimes it is despair, but more often it is anger at some unknown power which maliciously upsets your plans by drawing a curtain of forgetfulness over the most important task of the day. But forgetting is not the work of a superior imp. It is, instead, the result of man's superficiality about things that concern his everyday life. As a matter of fact, most forgetfulness is your own fault. And a bad memory is decidedly the result of your carelessness about it.

The fact of the matter is you must learn to remember—just as a child must learn to walk. There are definitely two types of people as far as memory is concerned,

and there is not one in a million who knows the type to which he belongs.

We all know that memory must be preceded by perception. Perception is what one hears or sees. But not all people see and hear equally well. The fact is that just as some people hear clearly without mechanical aid but can see only through glasses, just so some people remember better that which they hear while others retain that which they see. Thus we have the two types of memory.

No doubt you know people who years after leaving school can still remember the exact page and paragraph from which they learned a certain fact. These people can always find a house where they have once been, while it takes an effort on their part to remember an address that may have been repeated to them half a dozen times. Such people depend on eye impressions, or observation by sight and are called the visual

or eye-minded type. Successful artists and draftsmen, architects, gardeners, etc., belong to this type.

In contradistinction to them are those who can repeat the gist of a lecture they had heard years ago, while they can't remember the face of the lecturer. When such individuals recall absent friends or acquaintances it is the timbre of their voices rather than their outward appearance that they clearly and reliably recall. The memory of these people is based on hearing, and therefore they are known as the acoustical or ear-minded type. Musicians, radio technicians, telephone operators—in general all people whose occupations depend on their memory of sound—ought to be of the ear-minded type to achieve greatest success.

It is obvious that eye-minded people must read anything they want to remember. Listening to lectures or the radio, the wife's requests or the boss's orders means a waste of time for them. Anything they have heard but not seen leaves with them an impression that usually lasts a few hours, at the most a few days.

Just the opposite holds true for the ear-minded person. What he reads is practically lost on this man so far as remembering is concerned. You may write him a

dozen memoranda and you will still have the annoyance of learning only too late that he has forgotten to comply with your request. But call him on the telephone and tell him a number of things, and you will find yourself well satisfied with the result.

But since it is *your* memory that you want to find out about and improve, let us see now how it is possible to test yourself and determine whether you want your wife to make a *list* of the things she wants you to do or whether you prefer to have her *tell* them to you over the breakfast table. In making the following tests it must be remembered, of course, that no one is either completely ear-minded or completely eye-minded. Nevertheless, one or the other type of memory is sufficiently predominant in the individual to classify him definitely. My own experience shows that it takes less than half an hour for anyone to determine his type sufficiently for everyday purposes. There are a number of tests. The easiest one is this:

Concentrate on the following three words:

1. Drum. 2. Cannon shot. 3. Thunderstorm.

After you studied them each about fifteen seconds, answer the

three easy questions following:

1. Has the word "drum" made you visualize a man beating a drum or has it made you hear the sound of a drum being beaten?

2. Have you seen the picture of a cannon in your mind's eye? Or have you heard the sound of a shot?

3. Did you picture in your mind a flash of lightning? Or did you hear the rumble of thunder?

Here's another test. Get a book, newspaper or magazine which you have not read. Choose three paragraphs at random but of the same length. Read the first paragraph to yourself.

Ask somebody to read the second paragraph aloud to you but be sure that you have not read it before, and that you are not looking over the reader's shoulder.

The third paragraph read aloud to yourself.

Do not spend more time on any one paragraph than you have on any of the others.

Spend a couple of hours without thinking of what you have read or heard. At the end of two hours make notes of what you remember of each of the paragraphs and compare them with the texts that were read.

If you know most about the paragraph which you have read

by yourself, it is proof that you are predominantly eye-minded. If you remember more of the paragraph read to you by your friend, you are ear-minded. If, on the other hand, your notes show greatest knowledge of what you have read aloud, then you have a half-and-half memory.

Having made these tests, you can now declare with reasonable certainty whether you are ear- or eye-minded.

The next question is what to do about it. Every person should try to develop as much as possible his natural gift, but at the same time should also try to compensate for nature's frugality by bringing his weaker perceptory sense as near to par as possible. For there are many impressions in everyday life which cannot be received by eye *and* ear but only by eye *or* ear. Such, for instance, is the memory of faces. If you want to recognize persons you have met, you must rely on your eye. On the other hand no matter how good your visual memory might be, you can only recognize a voice by ear.

While there is a number of methods of improving one's facility of perception, we shall consider only one method for each type. The following is a good out-of-door exercise in sight-training.

Hunt up a store window that has a good many items on display. Look at the window display closely and carefully and take special note of any singularities. Then leave the window and find a quiet spot in the neighborhood and write down everything you saw in the window, sketching it if you can. Return to the window with your sheet of paper and compare what you have written down with the actual articles, but do not correct what you have written during this comparison before the display. Rather, impress your errors on your mind and then make your corrections on your sheet in the spot you originally found at a distance from the window. Then go back and compare your list with the window again and, if necessary, correct it again as before. Do not be content until your list is correct in every detail.

Test yourself frequently in this way, with many different window

displays, and you will soon have the satisfaction of finding that your mistakes in memory grow fewer and of less importance.

If you find it too difficult at first to remember the contents of a window display, start with attempting to remember in detail the furnishings of a room or office.

Then try this exercise in ear-training. Seated at home or in your office, countless small noises reach your ears. Some of them are house noises heard through the walls or ceiling; others, street noises. Try to distinguish between these various sounds and be sure of what you hear in each instance. You must, of course, pay attention to details. It is not enough to know that you heard footsteps outside your door. From the sound and manner of the tread try to determine whose step it was. A similar exercise may be practiced in the city street or in the country.

—DR. BRUNO FURST

REPRIEVED

WHEN Calvin Coolidge was President of the Massachusetts Senate, a fellow Senator in the midst of his speech was told by a colleague to "go to hell." The rebuffed Senator

went to Coolidge and tried to draw him into the controversy. "I've looked up the law," said Coolidge, "and you don't have to go."

—PAUL B. DAVIS

A NOTE ON BYRD

THE FATHER OF MUSIC MELODIOUSLY EARNED
HIMSELF A BURIAL RIVALING SHAKESPEARE'S



WM. BYRD might have disputed Darwin's theory that music had its origin "in the sounds made by man's half-human progenitors during the season of courtship," but he recognized the mating instinct as an excelling subject for musical treatment. *The fair young Virgin, I thought that love had been a boy, Come, jolly swains, even This sweet and merry month of May,* are evidence enough.

A few years before he was born, the madrigal came to England. Englishmen, ordinarily shy, reticent and self-contained, were grabbing madrigal books and bursting into song after dinner as easily and naturally as we play bridge or backgammon. That was a great day when men were men and the Empire was being made. The Armada defeated, Raleigh and Drake at large, Elizabeth on the throne and Shakespeare in the theatre . . . it was also the Golden Age of music in England and Byrd was by far its richest lode.

He was England's most brilliant composer in an hour when the English spirit was at its greatest and most musical. "Father of Musicke" the Cheque book of the Chapel Royal called him, and he deserved the moniker. He explored and excelled in every branch of composition known in his day. Aside from his *Psalmes, Sonets & Songs*, in the preface to which he set down *Reasons to perswade every one to learne to singe*

First it is a knowledge easely taught, and quickly learned where there is a good Master, and an apt Scoller.

2. The exercise of singing is delightfull to Nature & good to preserve the health of Man.

3. It doth strengthen all parts of the brest, & doth open the pipes.

4. It is a singular good remedie for a stutling and stammering in the speech.

5. It is the best meanes to procure a perfect pronounciation & to make a good Orator.

*Since singing is so good a thing
I wish all men would learne to sing.*

Byrd not only pioneered the art-song but was the first great composer to write for a keyboard instrument—the virginal, on which he was the No. 1 virtuoso—and supplied unparalleled music for both the English and Latin liturgies.

Byrd made his entrance on precisely the right cue. When he was twenty, the Council of Trent forbade practically all the music that had been written for the Catholic Church, because it had been built around popular hits. What would happen today if one went to mass and heard *Gloria in excelsis Deo* sung to the tune of *Oh Johnny* and the *Sanctus* to that of the *Beer Barrel Polka*? That's what had happened then. And not only was the music bad but the performance was worse. Said Erasmus: "Money is raised to buy organs and train boys to squeal and to learn no other thing that is good for them. A set of creatures who ought to be lamenting their sins fancy they can please God by gurgling in their throats."

The Reformed Church substituted English for Latin, discarded the entire existing musical repertory and demanded the construction of new. Byrd not only supplied anthems and set to music versicles, responses, and canticles,

but he had to solve the problem of singing the psalms in versions set out in the Common Prayer Book. This he did so well that, though he was all his life a stiff Papist, he not only suffered no molestation while others lost their heads; but he remained constantly in the employ of the Protestant Queen.

Seventeenth-century monarchs could give modern dictators a lesson in the treatment of artists, and in allowing genius its time-honored privilege of revolt. No offense was great enough to cause Elizabeth to punish the organist of her Chapel Royal. On the contrary, she gave him an exclusive patent to print and sell music paper, and that before music could be written as it can be now, with numbers.

ELIZABETH BY THE GRACE OF GOD,
QUEENE OF ENGLANDE FRAUNCE AND
IRELAND

Proclaimed:

To all printers bokesellers and other officers minister and subjects Greeting: Knowe ye, that we for the especiall affection and good wil that we haue and beare unto the science of Musicke and for the aduancement thereof . . . have granted ful priueledge and licence vnto our wel-beloued seruants Thomas Tallis and William Birde two of the Gentlemen of our Chappell, and to the ouerlyuer of them, for xxj yeares next ensuing,

to imprint any and so many as they will of set songe or songes in partes, either in English, Latine, Frenche, Italian or other tongues that may serue for musicke either in Church or chamber, or otherwise to be either plaid or soonge. And that they may rule or cause to be ruled by impression any paper to serue for printing or pricking of any songe or songes, and may sell and vtter any printed bokes or papers of any songe or songes, or any bokes or quieres of such ruled paper imprinted. Also we straightly by the same forbid all printers bokesellers subjects and strangers, other than is aforesaid to doe any the premisses, or to bring or cause to be brought out of any forren Realms into any our dominions any songe or songes made and printed in any forren countrie, to sell or put to sale, vppon paine of our high displeasure.

Byrd was a famous man all his life, better known in his day than Bach or Gershwin in theirs. He was everywhere recognized by his contemporaries before he was thirty; his funeral, fifty years later, rivaled that of Shakespeare.

But with his death his name vanished from the memory of man. His music, less than half of which was printed, survived in partial and imperfect form. Much of it was mislaid. Second, the Puritans, while they may not have been persistently anti-art, had little regard for music written for a

church they detested. By the time of the Reformation, tastes had changed: music was traveling a new path and old contrapuntal music was obsolete.

The eighteenth century treated Byrd with complete neglect and the nineteenth mangled those of his compositions it unearthed. Only in our time have scholars begun to fathom his greatness. His case is not unusual: the world frequently consigns great composers to a period of oblivion. Palestrina was on the shelf for two centuries. Bach's *B minor Mass* was first performed ninety-five years after it was written. When Sir George Grove went to Vienna, 95 per cent of Schubert's music was unpublished. Twenty-five years ago you could not give seats away to *Tristan und Isolde*. Today it is a sell-out, and perhaps in another half-century Wagner's famous love birds will be singing to empty bleachers.

★ ★ ★

Those who know that the history of music is the survival of the loudest and are weary from the roarings and rumblings of modern symphony orchestras, those who do not confuse size with greatness, those who enjoy a reflective hour in a quieter, less hectic life . . . demand Byrd. His fresh, calm out-

bursts exhilarate them. They rejoice in his spontaneous vitality, relax in his orderly abandon.

Byrd was not like the painter in Horace who put together a man's face, a horse's neck, and a fish's tail. His structure is organic. In his melodies no note can be omitted or altered without loss; each leads into the next as inevitably as the words of a well-constructed sentence. In short, his draughtsmanship is worthy of his inspiration—and that must be heard. He is the English spirit at its youngest and healthiest.

As prolific as Palestrina, Byrd is as versatile as Bach. And, like Bach and Palestrina, he remains a man writing music in a closed room. Documentary evidence concerning him is a record of his lawsuits. His personality, his actual character remains a mystery.

He was well educated in mathe-

matics and wrote his dedicatory epistles in fluent Latin. He acquired more riches for himself and his family than most of his contemporaries. With the exception of an opponent-at-law who complained of his bitter words, he seems to have had no personal enemies. His teacher, Tallis, and his pupil, Morely, loved him. *Ye Inimitable* a copyist described him.

He escaped religious conflicts because he was above fighting over dogma. He sought light and beauty and strength—and found them. If character is destiny, Byrd was a strong, powerful, pioneering spirit, endowed with a gift which, in his own words, caused him to put down “musical phrases exactly suited to the life of the words.”

Those who know his music know he was not boasting.

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 96-99

1. C	11. A	21. B	31. C	41. D
2. D	12. B	22. C	32. A	42. E
3. E	13. C	23. A	33. C	43. B
4. E	14. D	24. D	34. B	44. A
5. A	15. B	25. E	35. A	45. C
6. D	16. C	26. C	36. B	46. D
7. E	17. E	27. A	37. C	47. B
8. C	18. A	28. C	38. B	48. E
9. D	19. D	29. E	39. A	49. B
10. B	20. A	30. B	40. C	50. C

Handy gadget If you have reached this point in the magazine without accidentally tearing anything apart, you may consider yourself a qualified expert on the handling of gatefold spreads. These, of course, are the three illustrations in this issue which fold back on themselves and may be opened by the reader to the size of a double spread.

We are hugely proud of this mechanical marvel and we hope that all Coronet readers will share our gratification. Although admittedly novel, the gatefolds are much more than a new toy. For one thing, they solve a problem that once seemed insoluble.

Old-timers will remember the centerspread inserts that Coronet published in 1937. They were unusually popular, until a new type of binding unfortunately made it impossible to continue them.

Then, only a few months ago, along came the idea for the gatefolds—essentially a centerspread thrown off center in order not to interfere with the binding. Not only does this make possible a *triple* replacement for the old insert, but it constitutes a physical improvement over it. No longer is the illustration punched through the center, as was necessary when the pages of the magazine were

stapled together in the old type of binding. This means that the inserts will now lend themselves more readily to purposes of framing and collecting. We'll be eager to learn how well they serve these secondary purposes. And we'd like to receive your vote on what kind of gatefold subjects you want in future issues.

★ ★ ★

When you read Padraic Colum's poem on page 36, you are reading his contribution to an unusual campaign. The poem was purchased by Coronet and the sum received was turned over by Mr. Colum to the Children's Crusade for Children.

The objective of the Crusade, initiated by Dorothy Canfield Fisher and scheduled during April 22nd to 30th, is to raise money among the school children of this country for the relief of refugee children in other lands. The children will not be asked to contribute a burdensome amount. And they will receive something in return: a sense of participation in the amelioration of the suffering of others, and a sense of comparative gratitude in the knowledge that they are Americans.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

Looking Forward . . .

*Features You Won't Want To Miss in
the June Coronet—Out May 25th*

Don't Throw Away Your Glasses by Sidney A. Fox, M.D.—

How would you like to get rid of your glasses for the rest of your life? All you have to do is sign up for a course of simple eye exercise treatments. Or perhaps it isn't that easy. Dr. Fox expresses himself on this subject in no uncertain terms.

Budgeting Your Figure by

Helen Furnas—It's silly to tinker with your weight in either direction, taking off or putting on, unless you have a pretty exact notion of what you *should* weigh. The charts on the penny scales are useless. Why not refer to this summary of expert medical opinion? You may be pleasantly—or unpleasantly—surprised.

Blow, Gabriel, Blow by Ivan

Sandrof—The saga of William Miller, "less of a charlatan than a deluded fanatic." The Millerites, with their advance notice of the end of the

world, were a phenomenon of the Forties that today seems almost as incredible as it is amusing.

The Medicine of Laughter

by Helen Christine Bennett—The fact that laughing is purely accidental with most human beings is, says the author, a major misfortune. Nature intended laughter as a tonic, and those who are not getting it in regular doses would be well advised to do something about it—as is readily possible.

Three Gatefold Spreads in Full Color—ENTR'ACTE, Color

Photograph by Barrett Gallagher . . . NAIADE, Painting by Jean Jacques Henner (1829-1905) . . . YOUTHFUL BACCHUS, Ceramic Statuette.

The Coronet Gallery of Master Photographs and 17 other

features by Manuel Komroff, Louis Zara, Parke Cummings, Robert W. Marks, John Wilstach and others.

WATCH FOR THE JUNE CORONET ON YOUR NEWSSTAND

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